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PRINCE CHARLES

From the painting by Gannari

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THE YOUNG PRETENDER

BY

CHARLES SANFORD TERRY

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PREFACE

THIS account of Prince Charles's chequered life makes no claim to originality. In Chapter I. I have made use of the recently published volume of the *Stuart Papers,* and the Egerton letters of James III. printed by me in the *English Historical Review* for July, 1901. Chapters III. and IV. follow closely the contemporary authorities in my *Rising of* 1745, and passages quoted in them will, for the most part, be found in that book. For Charles's life before and after the '45, and particularly for the period between 1746-66, Mr. Lang's researches in the *Stuart Papers* at Windsor have yielded a mass of new and interesting information. Those papers are, unfortunately, calendered no further than to 1716. But even if they were I should hasten to acknowledge my debt to Mr. Lang's volumes.

Mr. Ewald's transcripts of the Record Office Papers have also helped me much.

I desire to acknowledge the kindness of the Countess Dowager of Seafield, Mr. J. Maxtone Graham of Cultoquhey, Mr. Arnold Fraser-Lovat, Mr. P. J. Anderson, and Messrs. Goupil and Co. for permission to make use of pictures or photographs in their possession.

King's College,
Old Aberdeen,
October 19, 1902

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

OLD MR. MELANCHOLY

The Tragedy of the Stuarts—Scottish Sentiment towards them—James III.—Rules for his Upbringing, 1696—Death of his Father, James II., 1701—Loyalty to his Father's Injunctions—Said to have visited London, 1702—Announces his Majority to the Pope, 1706—Sails for Scotland, March, 1708—Failure of the Expedition—With the French Army in Flanders, 1708—Withdraws to Chalons-sur-Marne, 1712—At Bar-le-Duc, 1713—The Rev. Charles Leslie's Account of him, 1714—Protests against George I.'s Accession—Mar's Rising, 1715—Loyal Associations in England—James arrives in Scotland—Lacking in "Cheerfulness and Vigour"—His Humanity—*Letter of Adieu to the Scotch*, February, 1716—Marriage Projects, 1714—The Duke of Berwick approves of the Emperor's Niece—The Elector of Bavaria proposes his Daughter—A Niece of the Elector Palatine suggested—A Russian Princess hoped for, 1718—Charles Wogan's Mission—Wogan recommends Maria Clementina

PAGE

Sobieska—She sets out from Ohlau to join James, but is imprisoned at Innsbruck, September, 1718—Wogan to the Rescue—James meanwhile in Spain, March, 1719—His Hopes shattered—Glenshiel, June, 1719—Returns to Italy—Marriage of James and Clementina, September, 1719 - 1

CHAPTER II

YOUTH (1720—1745)

The Real and Traditional Charles—His Birth, December 31, 1720—"A fine, promising Child"—That He should be sent to Scotland suggested—Clementina's Grievances—Charles's lusty Growth—Learning the Violin—Chevalier Ramsay engaged as his Tutor, 1724—Murray and Sheridan replace Ramsay—Charles sees the Pope—His "Heretic" Training—Birth of Prince Henry, 1725—Clementina quarrels with James, and withdraws to a Convent—The Pope rebukes James—Charles repeats his Catechism to the Pope—James at Bologna, 1726—Reconciliation with Clementina, 1727—Death of George I.—James in Lorraine—Clementina refuses to join Him at Avignon—Hopeless state of the Jacobite Party—Charles's Proficiency in Sport—Is "Out of the Hand of his Governors," 1733—His *vivacité brutale*—At the Siege of Gaeta, 1734—His Conduct thereat—Likely to be a "Dangerous Enemy" to the Hanoverian Establishment—

PAGE

Death of Clementina, 1735—Charles "Wonderfully Thoughtless"—Marriage suggested—Tour in Italy, 1737—War Clouds, 1739—Charles "wearied" of Italy—His Musical Tastes—Wears the Highland Dress at the Carnival, 1741—Renewal of the Jacobite Association in Scotland—Charles invited to France, 1743—His Journey thither, 1744—At Gravelines—Destruction of the French Transport Fleet—Charles *incognito* in Paris—Murray of Broughton visits Him—He is resolved to go to Scotland—His Parable of the Horse - - - - - 20

CHAPTER III

THE FORTY-FIVE

Charles announces his Departure for Scotland—His Equipment—His Companions—Combat between the *Lion* and *Elizabeth*—Charles lands at Eriska—Boisdale advises Him to return—Charles crosses to Lochnanuagh—Lochiel engages to raise the Camerons—The *Du Teillay* returns to France—The Standard raised at Glenfinnan—The Government's Forces in Scotland—Early Hostilities—Cope marches Northward—Charles gets past Him—At Perth—Cope follows by Sea—Charles summons Edinburgh—Lochiel captures the City—Charles at Holyrood—The Battle of Prestonpans—The Duke of Cumberland recalled from Flanders—Charles resolves to invade Eng-

PAGE

land—Carlisle falls—The Manchester Regiment—Charles reaches Derby—Reluctantly sanctions a Retreat—Clifton Skirmish—Charles at Glasgow—Encouraging Situation in Scotland—Stirling surrenders—The Castle defiant—Hawley advances from Edinburgh—The Battle of Falkirk—The Chiefs advise Retreat—Charles withdraws Northward—The "Rout of Moy"—Charles at Inverness—His Force scatters—Cumberland advances from Aberdeen—The Night-March to Nairn—Sad Plight of the Highland Army—The Battle of Culloden - - - 45

CHAPTER IV

IN THE HIGHLANDS (1746)

Charles's Plans after Culloden—Edward Burke acts as Guide—Charles's Flight—Meets Lord Lovat—Reaches Borradale—Donald Macleod agrees to pilot Him to the Long Island—The Voyage to Stornoway—Charles's *incognito* revealed—The Stornoway People refuse Help—Charles doubles back to South Uist—Communicates with Lochiel and Murray of Broughton—Charles resolves to enlist Lady Clanranald's Help—In Benbecula—A Squadron in search of Him—Charles sails to Loch Boisdale—Meets Flora Macdonald—Plans an Escape to Skye—Flora secures Passports—Charles's anxious waiting at Coradale—Flora joins Him at Rossinish—Charles dressed as

PAGE

"Betty Burke"—The Journey to Skye—Flora enlists Lady Margaret Macdonald's Help—Charles at Kingsburgh—The "Rape of the Lock"—Charles bids Flora farewell—Sails from Portree to Raasa—Doubles back to Skye—Macleod conducts Him to Elgol—The Mackinnons convey Him to Mallaig—Macdonald of Borradale gives Shelter—Cumberland sends out Troops to search for Him—Charles breaks the *cordon*, and skulks in Glenmoriston—Returns Southward, and joins Lochiel in Benalder—In Cluny's "Cage"—Wild Rumours as to his Movements—The French Ships *Prince de Conti* and *L'Heureux* arrive at Lochnanuagh—The Search for Charles—He comes on Board—Departure for France—Lands at Roscoff, near Morlaix - - - - - 88

CHAPTER V

INTRIGUE (1746—1766)

The Tragedy of Charles's Career—His Moral Collapse—Effect of the '45 upon his Hopes and Policy—Charles announces his Return to Henry—Desires an Interview with Louis—At Versailles—France will not aid Him—His strange Methods of Diplomacy—Marriage Projects—Charles at Madrid, 1747—Henry secretly leaves Paris, and is created Cardinal—James endeavours to reconcile Charles to the Event—Charles's Indignation—The Princesse de Talmond—The

PAGE

Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748—Charles invited to leave France—Behaves with Bravado—His Arrest—Confined at Vincennes—Retires to Avignon—Offers himself in Marriage to a Daughter of Hesse Darmstadt—Ordered to leave Avignon, 1749—His perplexing Movements—In Lorraine—Ventures to visit Paris—At Strassburg—Invites the Earl Marischal to meet Him at Venice—Ordered to leave Venice—Back to Paris—His Hiding-place in the Convent of St. Joseph—Mademoiselle Ferrand and Madame de Vassé—His *Liaison* with Madame de Talmond—Is reading Fielding's Novels—Visits London, 1750—Becomes a Protestant—His Defence of that Step—Quarrels with Madame de Talmond—Is lost sight of—His "Two Heroines"—He again approaches the Earl Marischal, 1751—Takes a House at Ghent, 1752—Clementina Walkinshaw joins Him—Henry Goring remonstrates—The Elibank Plot—Divulged by "Pickle"—Archibald Cameron's Death, 1753—Charles "a Sedentary Man"—Rambling about Flanders—In Paris—Birth of Charlotte, Duchess of Albany—Charles and Clementina—Breaks with Goring and the Earl Marischal, 1754—Charles takes his Family to Switzerland—His Disguises—Breaks up his Household at Basel, 1755—In sore Need of Money—Hopes to be employed by France, 1756—Defeat of Conflans, 1759—Clementina leaves Charles, 1760—The "Nasty Bottle"—Death of James III., 1766—Charles returns to Rome—The Vatican refuses to recognize Him—His Evil Habits continued - 121

CHAPTER VI

THE KING (1766—1788)

PAGE

The Decay of Jacobitism—Charles's Amusements at Rome—His abiding Resentment against Clementina Walkinshaw—Lord Elcho duns Him for Money—Charles relapses—Visits the Pope, 1767—Dismisses Andrew Lumisden and Hay of Restalrig—Marriage Projects—Charles at Florence, 1770—In Paris, 1771—Louise of Stolberg—Charles marries Her, 1772—Charlotte's Letter—Charles refuses Help—Charlotte and Clementina at Rome, 1773—They are ordered to leave the City—Charles's Churlish Conduct towards Them—Charles at Siena—His Mythical Son, James Allen—Charles settles at Florence, 1774—His Relations with Louise—Vittorio Alfieri appears, 1777—Louise takes Refuge in a Convent, 1780—Alfieri and Charles—Louise at Rome—Alfieri follows—Charles's Protest, 1782—His Illness, 1783—Gustavus of Sweden at Florence, 1783—Deed of Separation between Charles and Louise, 1784—She joins Alfieri—Charles summons his Daughter Charlotte to join Him—He returns to Rome, 1785—His Death, 1788, and Will—Death of Charlotte, 1789—Death of Henry, 1807—Charles and Charles XII. of Sweden - - - - - - - - 176

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE - - - - - 204

INDEX - - - - - - - - 207

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

1. Prince Charles (*from the picture by B. Gannari*) - - - - Frontispiece
2. James III. (*from the picture by Alexis Siméon Belle in the National Portrait Gallery*) - - - - - to face p. 11
3. Princess Maria Clementina Sobieska (*from the picture attributed to F. Trevisani in the National Portrait Gallery*) - - - - - to face p. 18
4. Prince Charles (*from the picture attributed to Nicolas Largillière in the National Portrait Gallery*) - - to face p. 40
5. The Battle of Culloden (*from an old print*) - - - - - to face p. 85
6. Flora Macdonald (*from an engraving, after Thomas Hudson, in the British Museum*) - - - - - to face p. 100
7. Prince Henry, Cardinal York (*from the portrait in crayons by Rosalba Carriera in the National Portrait Gallery*) - - - - - to face p. 135

8. Maria Clementina Walkinshaw (*from the picture by Allan Ramsay in the possession of James Maxtone Graham, Esq., Cultoquhey, Crieff, N.B.*) - to face p. 156

9. Charles III. (*from the picture by Pompeo Batoni in the National Portrait Gallery*) - - - - - to face p. 178

10. Louise Maximillienne of Stolberg, Countess of Albany (*from the picture by Pompeo Batoni in the National Portrait Gallery*) - - - - to face p. 186

11. Charlotte, Duchess of Albany (*from the portrait in chalk by Gavin Hamilton in the possession of the Countess Dowager of Seafield, Cullen House, Banffshire*) - - - to face p. 191

12. The Stuart Monument in St. Peter's, Rome - - - - - to face p. 202

THE YOUNG PRETENDER

CHAPTER I

OLD MR. MELANCHOLY

The Tragedy of the Stuarts—Scottish Sentiment towards them—James III.—Rules for his Upbringing, 1696—Death of his Father, James II., 1701—Loyalty to his Father's Injunctions—Said to have visited London, 1702—Announces his Majority to the Pope, 1706—Sails for Scotland, March, 1708—Failure of the Expedition—With the French Army in Flanders, 1708—Withdraws to Chalons-sur-Marne, 1712—At Bar-le-Duc, 1713—The Rev. Charles Leslie's Account of him, 1714—Protests against George I.'s Accession—Mar's Rising, 1715—Loyal Associations in England—James arrives in Scotland—Lacking in "Cheerfulness and Vigour"—His Humanity—*Letter of Adieu to the Scotch*, February, 1716—Marriage Projects, 1714—The Duke of Berwick approves of the Emperor's Niece—The Elector of Bavaria proposes his Daughter—A Niece of the Elector Palatine suggested—A

Russian Princess hoped for, 1718—Charles Wogan's Mission—Wogan recommends Maria Clementina Sobieska—She sets out from Ohlau to join James, but is imprisoned at Innsbruck, September, 1718—Wogan to the Rescue—James meanwhile in Spain, March, 1719—His Hopes shattered—Glenshiel, June, 1719—Returns to Italy—Marriage of James and Clementina, September, 1719.

"SI quelque chose justifie ceux qui croyent une fatalité à laquelle rien ne peut se soustraire," wrote Voltaire, "c'est cette suite continuelle de malheurs qui a persecuté la maison de Stuart pendant plus de trois-cent années." James I., long a prisoner in England, fell by an assassin's blow. James II., the suppressor of the Douglas, died in his thirtieth year; a splinter from one of his own cannon slew him. James III. was the victim of cold-blooded murder. James IV. fell at Flodden, the flower of Scotland around him—

> "Beside Branxton in a brook breathless they lie,
> Gaping against the moon; their ghosts went away."

James V., "the Red Tod," still young in years, died broken in heart and old in disappointment. His "lass," Mary of Scots, fell by the axe, "the first Instance of a Royal Pannel, and the only Precedent to the hard Fate of her Grandson," says Lockhart bitterly.

A fitting prologue to their English career is this

Scottish cycle of Stuart tragedy. Even in the timing of their accession to the throne of the "auld enemy" their traditional *fatalité* was with them. They came to a nation whose energies were quickening. They entered its life, but were not of it. They lacked the home-bred mark of the Tudors, above all, their saving sense of humour. In every one of them, save that cynical humorist Charles II., was a pawky pig-headedness, which peeps out later in James III., and even in his son. The upheaval of seventeenth-century England would probably have taken place whatever dynasty was at the helm, but the Stuart temperament aggravated its character.

Scotland had no more cause than England to regard James I., his son and grandsons, with particular favour. Lockhart tells of "an Old Reverend Gentleman of Fyfe" who attended James, on his departure to his English kingdom, dressed in the deepest mourning; for, said he, "since I look upon this Procession as Scotland's Funeral Solemnity, I'm come to perform my last Duty to my deceased and beloved Country, with a Heart full of Grief, and in a Dress corresponding thereto." That impression grew as the century ran its course, and as Scottish interests, political, ecclesiastical, and commercial, seemed to be sacrificed to those of her predominant partner. Yet later, when Dutch or German Princes ruled at

Holyrood, Scottish sentiment grew again towards the exiled Stuarts, and founded on them its hopes of a day of deliverance. The English Restoration of 1660 had been a restoration of the Constitution as much as, if not more than, the monarchy *per se.* The Scottish attempts to restore the Stuarts had at bottom the same wider and more comprehensive motive—

"O Caledon, O Caledon, look back from whence ye fell,
And from your sufferings learn your crime, and nere again rebell.
Redeem your antient liberties, regain your rights and laws,
Restore your injurd lawfull Prince, or perish in the cause."

The same aloofness from their time and people which wrecked the seventeenth-century Stuarts doomed both the Old and Young *Prétendants* to failure. James III. was an infant in arms when his father fled from England and her "Dutch ironical Saviour," William. He grew up in a French atmosphere, amid traditions alien to the kingdom which he claimed as his own; and the lessons instilled into him with most persistence were, gratitude to Louis and obedience to the Pope. He lived his young life apart, in the dull isolation of exiled royalty. James II. drew up, on July 19, 1696, *Rules for the family of our dearest*

son, the Prince of Wales. The careful father enjoined:

1. "In the first place the Governor [James Earl of Perth], or in his absence one of the Undergovernors, must constantly attend upon the person of Our said dearest son at all times and in all places, that he may be still under the eye of one of them, except when he is at his Book or Catechisme with his Preceptor, or Underpreceptor.

5. "If any of the Prince his servants shall presume to say or do anything in his presence that is rude and not decent for him to hear or see, the Governor, or in his absence the Undergovernor in waiting, must forthwith forbid such person the Prince his presence, and further punish him according to his deserts, and for other persons not of his family, upon the like transgression, complaint must be made of them to Us.

7. "Certain times must be appointed for strangers to wait upon the Prince, And none are to be admitted that come at other times, except the persons be particular as to quality, or that the occasion be extraordinary.

8. "None are to be permitted to whisper in the Prince his ear or talk with him in privat, out of the hearing of the Governor, or in his absence of the Undergovernor in waiting.

9. "None must be permitted to make the Prince any present without first shewing it to the Governor, or in his absence to the Undergovernor in waiting, and asking one of their leaves to give it.

10. "None must presume to give the Prince anything to eat, nor any flowers, perfumes, or sweet waters, etc., without the Governor's leave and approbation, or the leave and approbation of the Undergovernor in his absence.

11. "No books, written papers, or any thing of that

nature must ever be given to the Prince without shewing them first to the Governor or preceptor, and asking their approbation, and no songs must be taught the Prince but such as the Governor shall first approve.

12. "No children must be permitted to come into the Prince his lodgings, upon the account of playing with him, but when they are sent for, by the Governor, or in his absence by the Undergovernor in waiting, and not above two or three at a time.

14. "None must be permitted to whisper or run into corners with the Prince, wher the Governor, etc., may not hear and see what they do and say; and he shall receive directions from Us, what children are fitt to play with our son or to go in coach with him.

22. "As to the distribution of time to be observed for the Prince, his hour of rising in the morning may be about seven and a halfe. The time between that and nine may be allotted for his dressing, his morning prayers, his waiting upon Us and the Queen, and eating his breakfast.

23. "At nine of the clock he may hear Mass, which done, his studys may begin, and be continued as long as his Preceptor shall judge proper for his improvement. When his book is done, ther will be time enough between that and dinner, which will be about twelve and a halfe, for his dancing, writing, or any other exercise that costs but halfe an hour.

24. "After dinner ther must be allowed an hour or somewhat more for play, and about two houres more in the afternoon must be allotted for his studys, either before he goes abroad or afterwards, or part before and part after, according as it shall be found convenient considering the season of the year.

25. "The proper times of his receiving company will be

at his Levé, and at his dinner, and in the evening after his studys are done, and at supper. But orders must be given not to let in all sorts of people without distinction, and care must be taken that thos who are admitted may not talk with the Prince too familiarly without observing that distance which ought to be kept.

26. "What times are allotted upon worke days for his book, must be imployed upon Sundays and holy days by the Preceptor in Catechisme, reading of good books, Christian doctrine, and the like."

One discerns already the "Old Mr. Melancholy" of later days in this rigid regulation of his mirthless youth. In his fourteenth year his father, James II., died (September 16, 1701). "Never forget," were the old King's last words to him, "the debt we all owe to him [Louis], and remember that God and religion are above all earthly interests." His father's "last charges to us on his death-bed will, we hope, never be forgotten by us," the young King tells the Pope. They never were. James "saved his soul alive," but his worldly prospects fed the altar of sacrifice. Years later Prince Charles realized his father's error, though not his rectitude of purpose. James, indeed, like David of Scotland, was "a sair saint" to his phantom crown. He was "dévot à l'excès," as De Brosses remarked.

If Hearne, or his informant, may be trusted, James paid a flying visit to England in 1702, when Queen Anne was crowned. There is not a

word in the Stuart Papers hinting at such a visit; but Hearne's informant, Mr. Giffard, on October 22, 1711, assured a company of "honest" men that the visit took place, that James was present at the Queen's coronation, and that she "kissed him at that time." John Macky, the spy, even asserts that James was then staying *incognito* with the Duc d'Aumont at Somerset House. A similar tradition held in regard to Prince Charles's presence at the coronation of George III.

An instance of the misdirected influences which formed James's character appears in 1703. St. Germains was in consternation because the lad's preceptor, Dr. John Betham, had been detected in leanings towards—Jansenism! Nothing could divert James from fulfilling his father's, from a worldly point of view, unfortunate legacy. On June 27, 1706, he wrote to the Pope to announce his majority: "Having attained the age at which our father directed by his will that we should become *sui juris*, our first duty is to render to your Holiness the homage and filial obedience due to you. Though driven from both our country and our throne for sake of religion alone, and by the furious hatred of the heretics, we must trust that the greater wrong we suffer from men, the greater help our worldly affairs will receive from the Ruler of all things. But, whatever may happen therein, we are resolved that with

God's grace no temptation of this world, and no desire to reign, shall ever make us wander from the right path of the Catholic faith, having been taught how infinitely the kingdom of heaven transcends all the kingdoms of this world."

Yet James was not wanting in spirit and resolution. In later life he echoed the Preacher's cry, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." But in his youth and early manhood he was ready to strike for the throne his father had lost. In 1708 France gave him his first chance of action. On March 1 he drafted at St. Germains an elaborate declaration "to his good people of his Ancient Kingdom of Scotland." On March $\frac{6}{17}$ he set sail from Dunkirk, with the fiery Comte de Forbin. His companions were sea-sick, *jusqu' aux larmes*. James behaved with pluck and coolness. On March $\frac{12}{23}$ the ships made the Forth after heavy weather. Before the troops could be landed, Byng's squadron, which had followed in hot pursuit, made its appearance. Forbin clapped on all sail, and scudded northward along the coast. On March $\frac{15}{26}$ he abandoned all hope of landing, and directed his scattered fleet back to Dunkirk. James reached the port on $\frac{\text{March 27}}{\text{April 7}}$. He had smelt powder, and had even been under fire. "Si le dessein n'a pas reuissi comme nous l'esperions," wrote his mother

to the Archbishop of Arles on April 24, 1708, "nous ne devons pas laisser de remercier Dieu de l'avoir delivré des dangers auxquels il s'est trouvé exposé, et ce m'est une grande consolation que parmy tant de traverses differentes, il s'est comporté de maniere qu'il s'est acquis dans l'esprit de tous ceux qui l'ont accompagné l'estime et la reputation qui doivent est[re] les principaux fondement[s] de nos esperances." In the autumn of 1708 James accompanied the French army to Flanders. He was sorely pushed for money. Queen Mary writes to her Treasurer on November 1, 1708: "I must own I don't see how anything can be saved without he [James] lessens his equipage, so that I believe I shall be forced to sell the rest of the jewel, but I will not tell him so." The poor Queen's letters show how lamentably poverty afflicted her. She retained her "jewel," or some of it, however. Those heirlooms passed to Charles, and from him to his daughter Charlotte. They were valued after his death at nearly £27,000.

In August, 1712, James withdrew from St. Germains to Chalons-sur-Marne, for France was tiring of the war which her championship of the Stuarts had provoked. James faced the position which met his son, Prince Charles, in 1748. Now, as then, England insisted upon France's abandonment of her *protégé*. Charles met the crisis with

JAMES III

bravado, his father with resignation. Early in 1713 James withdrew from France, and found shelter at Bar-le-Duc. The Rev. Charles Leslie, Protestant chaplain to his household, has left a picture of him at this time: "He is Tall, Streight, and clean Limb'd, Slender, yet his Bones pretty large: He has a very graceful Mien, walks fast, and his Gate has great Resemblance of his Unkle King Charles II., and the Lines of his Face grow dayly more and more like him. He uses exercise more for Health than Diversion, he walks Abroad, Shoots or Hunts every Day, but is not what they call a keen Sportsman. Being ask'd what he most delighted in? He said it wou'd be to hear wise Men Discourse upon useful Subjects. He is always Chearful but seldom Merry, Thoughtful but not Dejected, and bears his Misfortunes with a visible Magnanimity of Spirit. He frequents the Publick Devotions, but there is no sort of Bigottry about him. He has a great Application to Business, spends much time in his Closet, and Writes much." James scribbled as indefatigably as Philip II. of Spain. He was for ever immersed in business relating to his "law-suit." Queen Anne's precarious health, and the cautious nibbling of her Ministers at the Jacobite bait, seemed to promise great things for the exile. But the sympathy of his English supporters was cryptic or timid, and James, on his side, failed in promptness

and resolution. An ounce of Monmouth's daring might have turned the scale—

> "He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his deserts are small,
> Who dares not put it to the touch,
> To gain or lose it all."

So George I. came over *faut de mieux*, and James, on August 29, 1714, from Plombières, lodged his feeble protest. Fifty-seven persons, it appears, had a better right to the English throne than its new occupant!

From the beginning to the end of the chapter bungling ineptitude dogged the efforts of the exiled Court. In 1708 James came over to Scotland a year after his adherents had been ready to receive him. The attempt of 1719 was not less haphazard and inopportune. And now in 1715 Mar, like Charles in 1745, forced a crisis upon his unready party. Success at first condoned the folly of the effort. Early in September Mar raised the Standard at Braemar. Perth fell within a fortnight, and but for the importunate curiosity of a physician's wife, Edinburgh might have shared the same fate. The Campbell country was menaced by the clans, and Inverness fell to Mackintosh. Loyalty to King George, which had found subdued expression at his accession, fired up upon the sudden danger to his throne. Loyal

Associations sprang up throughout the country, and none so militant as that which was wont to meet "on publick days at the Roe-buck, over against Bow Church in Cheapside." On November 5 the club surpassed itself in boisterous loyalty: "The solemnity was usher'd along by the ceremony of beating on a warming-pan, with Musick, Lights, etc. Then follow'd a Cart wherein was placed the late Duke of Ormond and the Rebel Mar. The former was cloath'd in Scarlet, bedaw'd with gold lace; he had a short staff in one hand, and in the other a paper containing his *Orders not to Fight*, and a large Padlock on his Sword. On his Right hand sat the Earl of Mar in a light colour'd Suit bedaw'd with Silver, with a short Staff in his Right hand, to which was stuck a Paper with these Words, *I have sworn* 16 *times to defend the Protestant Religion, and I ne'er deceiv'd you but once.* Then follow'd another Cart, wherein was plac'd the Pretender, cloath'd with Blue, lac'd with Silver, his Hat lac'd with the same. On his Right hand sat the Pope in his Pontifical Habit and Tripple Crown. In the Tayl of this Cart was Henry St. John, in a light coloured Suit turn'd up with Black; he sat stooping with a Pen in his Hand, as their Secretary, writing Treasonable Letters, and had a Paper stuck up by him with these words, *Perjury is on Crime.* They were all drawn backward in the

usual Posture of Traytors, and with Halters about their Necks."

Sheriffmuir and Preston proved the danger to Protestant George ephemeral. But at the eleventh hour James himself appeared in Scotland. He landed at Peterhead on $\frac{\text{December 22}}{\text{January 2}}$, $17\frac{15}{16}$, suffering from an "aguish Distemper," and proceeded to Perth, a very forlorn leader of a forlorn hope. "We found our selves not at all animated by his Presence," says one of the grumblers, "and if he was disappointed in us, we were tenfold more so in him; we saw nothing in him that look'd like Spirit; he never appeared with Chearfulness and Vigour to animate us: Our Men began to despise him; some ask'd if he could Speak; his Countenance look'd extremely heavy; he car'd not to come Abroad among us Soldiers, or to see us handle our Arms or do our Exercise; some said the Circumstances he found us in dejected him. I am sure the Figure he made dejected us, and had he sent us but 5,000 Men of good Troops and never come among us, we had done other Things than we have now done." James entirely lacked his son's *bonhommie* and infectious enthusiasm. He had opportunity to do no more than sanction the retreat of his disheartened army northward, and to proclaim his humanity by compensating those of Auchterarder and elsewhere whose lands

and houses were sacrificed to stay Argyll's advance. On February $\frac{4}{15}$, 1716, James left Scotland. "I shall ever pursue with the outmost vigor my just designs," he declared in his *Letter of Adieu to the Scotch,* "and to the last moment of it retain that sense of gratitude, affection, and fatherly tenderness towards you which you so justly deserve from me, for I can say with great truth that your misfortunes weigh more havie upon me than my own, and that I desire happiness only to make you sharers of it with me." He never saw Scotland again, and he left behind him no happy or inspiring memory.

Until Spain and Alberoni held out helping hands in 1718, James, after his brief taste of activity, returned to his "Closet." After a flying and secret visit to his mother at St. Germains, he returned to Bar-le-Duc. Thence he wandered to Avignon, and so to his long exile in Italy. Marriage projects had long been entertained on his behalf. Early in 1714 the Duke of Lorraine had suggested either a sister of the Emperor Charles VI., or one of his nieces, the daughters of the late Emperor Joseph. The Duke of Berwick thought well of the proposal, but doubted whether the Emperor would give his sister until James was "home." "The chief point would be to try if he would now give you one of his nieces," Berwick wrote to James on March 28, 1714; "the

younger has but a portion, which would not be sufficient to maintain you and children, so that the eldest is the only [one] at this time can be of use to you . . . ; but there is no time to be lost, for as soon as Bavaria getts into his country, your Majesty may be sure, he will work for his son, if even he is not about it already." The astute Berwick divined correctly. Joseph's daughter, Maria Amelia, married Charles Albert of Bavaria. Her sister married Augustus of Saxony and Poland. The Elector of Bavaria hinted an alternative alliance between James and his daughter. He confided his idea to Berwick, and Berwick, on March 25, 1714, told James of it. "My answer in laughing was," he wrote, "that one would be glad to see one's wife before one would say one's thoughts." The ready Elector produced a miniature, "which is neither handsome nor ugly," Berwick reported; but "he sayes she had a swelling in her left eye, but that is quite well now"! "I thought it was not convenient to tell him," Berwick continued, "your Majesty would not think of his daughter, but what I said to him was only civil and engages to nothing." A niece of the Elector Palatine was also proposed, and some tentative steps appear to have been taken to secure her. But Berwick was strongly in favour of an Austrian alliance. "I am assured that there is a sister [of the Emperor] of not

above five or six and twenty; if that be so, and that she be not horrible, I could hartily wish M. Robinson [James] had her," he wrote on January 11, 1715.

After James's return from Scotland the hunt for a bride began afresh. Early in 1718 a Russian Princess was hoped for. That project also failed, and Charles Wogan, like Ryan in 1771, went upon a roving commission in search of a wife. Chance, good or ill, brought him to Ohlau in Silesia, to Prince James Sobieski, son of the famous John of Poland, and his three daughters. Wogan passed them in review, as Samuel the sons of Jesse. One was "astonishingly solemn"—surely the fittest for James; another was "free and familiar"; and Clementina, the youngest, "sweet, amiable, of an even temper," had her girlish spirits under decorous control. Such was Clementina Maria Sobieska as Wogan painted her to his master. "Elle est dans sa xvi.e année, et on en dit mil biens," writes James himself (September 30, 1718). "On pretend meme," he added, "qu' Elle est en voyage pour venir en Italie." Clementina and her mother were, in fact, prisoners at Innsbruck, in the Tyrol, by order of the Emperor, who forbade the match. Wogan went to the rescue. As a travelling merchant he sought out Clementina and her mother at Innsbruck. He resolved to dare the Emperor and force a rescue. Prince

James Sobieski at Ohlau approved; the scheme appealed to the Sobieski temperament. Wogan, too, was Irish, and had "a way wid him." Three of Dillon's Irish regiment at distant Schlettstadt came into the plot—Gaydon, O'Toole, and Misset. Misset's wife and Jeanneton, her maid, were also enlisted. In April, 1719, the conspirators were back at Innsbruck. On the 28th, a wild and snowy night, Jeanneton was smuggled into Clementina's house. They changed clothes, and the Princess and her escort drove post-haste for the frontier. After adventures innumerable they crossed it, and on to Bologna. There, on May 9, a proxy marriage united Clementina to James's poor fortunes. Otto Hamerani's medal commemorated her escape. *Fortunam Causamque Sequor*, Clementina protested thereon. Wogan was not forgotten: *Deceptis Custodibus MDCCXIX.*, on the reverse, was his tribute.

Meanwhile James was in Spain; his "lawsuit" claimed him, for Alberoni had offered him help. On February 8, 1719, he had set out for Madrid, and encountered greater vicissitudes than befell his son in 1744, when he, too, left Italy to grasp an elusive crown. For three days James remained concealed at Marseilles. At Villafranca he was bled for a fever. At the Iles d'Hyères he shared the accommodation of an unsavoury *cabaret* with a crowd of dirty guests,

MARIA CLEMENTINA SOBIESKA

and, though suffering grievously from *mal de mer*, trod an unwilling and boisterous measure with the landlady! On March 9 he landed at Rosas, and before the end of the month was at Madrid. He arrived in time to witness the destruction of his hopes. *Afflavit Deus!* An opportune Protestant wind shattered Spain's Armada. The Keiths and a handful reached Scotland, only to encounter defeat (June 10, 1719) at Glenshiel.

James's days of active pretendership were over, and he returned to Italy, a tardy bridegroom. Through the spring and summer Clementina had awaited her lord. On September 1, 1719, the marriage ceremony was repeated at Montefiascone. James was delightfully content with his wife. "Je ne scauray me contenter," he writes on September 23, "sans vous Informer encore de ma propre main du bonheur donce je jouis . . . car Il est vray que si j'avois eü a demander a dieu quil me donnast une femme avec toutes les qualités qui me convenoient ou que j'auray pu desirer, je n'en auray pas put souhaiter une autre que celle quil luy a plut de me choisir." "She has surpassed all my expectation," James told Ormonde. He proved but a dismal husband for a girlish, light-hearted wife. But Clementina was not yet *désillusionnée*.

CHAPTER II

YOUTH (1720—1745)

The Real and Traditional Charles—His Birth, December 31, 1720—"A fine, promising Child"—That he should be sent to Scotland suggested—Clementina's Grievances—Charles's lusty Growth—Learning the Violin—Chevalier Ramsay engaged as his Tutor, 1724—Murray and Sheridan replace Ramsay—Charles sees the Pope—His "Heretic" Training—Birth of Prince Henry, 1725—Clementina quarrels with James, and withdraws to a Convent—The Pope rebukes James—Charles repeats his Catechism to the Pope—James at Bologna, 1726—Reconciliation with Clementina, 1727—Death of George I.—James in Lorraine—Clementina refuses to join him at Avignon—Hopeless state of the Jacobite Party—Charles's Proficiency in Sport—Is "Out of the Hand of his Governors," 1733—His *vivacité brutale*—At the Siege of Gaeta, 1734—His Conduct thereat—Likely to be a "Dangerous Enemy" to the Hanoverian Establishment—Death of Clementina, 1735—Charles "Wonderfully Thoughtless"—Marriage suggested—Tour in Italy, 1737—War Clouds, 1739—Charles "wearied" of Italy—His Musical Tastes—Wears the Highland Dress at the Carnival, 1741—Renewal of

the Jacobite Association in Scotland—Charles invited to France, 1743—His Journey thither, 1744—At Gravelines—Destruction of the French Transport Fleet — Charles *incognito* in Paris — Murray of Broughton visits him—He is resolved to go to Scotland—His Parable of the Horse.

"IT is sayd of trouth, that al buyldynges are masoned and wroughte of dyverse stones, and all great ryvers are gurged and assemblede of diverse surges and sprynges of water; in lykewyse all sciences are extraught and compiled of diverse clerkes; of that one wryteth, another paraventure is ignorant; but by the famous wrytyng of auncient auctours, all thynges ben knowen in one place or other." So writes Froissart, early master of historical method. Yet some characters have resisted and will survive the rigid methods of the schools; for History battles unequally with Romance. Prince Charles is one of them. One sees him always through an obscuring haze of romance and tradition. Yet he was, after all, very human, a high-spirited lad, rash and impetuous to a fault, and later a man broken by despair and irksome inactivity, an *homme sauvage,* addicted to the "nasty bottle," ill-treating his mistress, a brute to his wife, and generally his own worst enemy. Such a picture, for all the sad truth of it, will never wholly supplant the more generous one which the hearts of thousands

have framed and will frame to the end of the chapter.

Charles, *Spes Ultima* of a stricken cause, was born at Rome, appropriately enough, upon the last day of the old year 1720. His birth, declared Atterbury, was "the most acceptable news which can reach the ears of a good Englishman." Mindful of the shadow on his own birth, James carefully guarded his son against the like suspicion. The Cardinal Protectors of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, and others were present to attest the genuineness of the infant *Spes Britanniæ*. The Pope gave his blessing and consecrated baby-linen. The Palazzo dei Santi Apostoli was made over to the young parents. It was Charles's home in his early years, and thither he returned after his father's death, broken and debased. The child waxed strong and lusty: was he not a Sobieski? Yet, according to John Walton, the English Agent in Italy, Charles was "d'une santé qui de jour en jour montre plus d'imperfections"! His legs were deformed, and he was not likely to live long! In spite of himself, Charles lived nearly seventy years. Walton was a bad prophet. An English traveller at Rome, perhaps Lord Blandford, saw the baby in 1721—"really a fine promising child." The women "kept such a racket" that the visitor was forced to kiss Charles's pudgy hand. "The Princess [Clementina] laught very heartily, and told us

shee question'd but the day would come that we should not be sorry to have made so early acquaintance with her Son. I thought myself under a necessity of making her a Complement, that being Hers he could not miss of being good and happy."

Clementina had little liberty to guide her son to that *savoir-vivre* which Walton thought was her own charm. For James was King even in the nursery. He engaged the nurses and watched their conduct critically. "Prudence, a reasonable knowledge of the world, and a principle of obedience, attachment, and submission to me," he wrote to Mar (April 1, 1721), were the qualities he demanded of them. Yet Mrs. Hughes, Charles's Welsh nurse, dabbled in Christopher Layer's harebrained scheme to send over baby Charles to Scotland while Ormonde did brave deeds in London. Apart from Layer, Charles's up-bringing in Scotland was mooted to James. James consulted the oracles, his confessors. The scheme was hazardous, they objected, and advised the sending a *pseudo* Charles to Scotland. The real Prince meanwhile could grow up safely at Rome, ready at the fitting time to replace his dummy over the water. John Hay, who had been with Mar in the '15, and was later a cause of division in James's household, quashed the silly scheme. James's confessors, he declared truly, "knew nothing of English affairs, and that their blind

zeal would ruin all." Even the least discerning Hanoverian glibly bracketed the Pope, the Devil, and Pretender in congenial alliance. But to give James his due, he was far from intolerant. He conceded to others, as he claimed for himself, freedom to worship as conscience directed. For political reasons he was even willing that his son should not be wholly excluded from Protestant influence. The concession added another grief to Clementina's plaintive lot. Her life was dull, her husband a recluse. James was masterful; even the management of her child was denied her. She leant a willing ear to those who cavilled at his, to them, lax religious training. It grew to a grievance, and coloured her opinion of those on whom her husband most relied, James Murray (Lord Dunbar), and Hay (Lord Inverness).

Nursery plots could not hinder Charles's lusty growth. "The Prince is the finest child in the world," declared Hay (July, 1723). He was approaching his third birthday, with a sturdy pair of legs and precocious activity, running about "from morning till night" in the old palace. His first letter to his father records his promise to be "very Dutifull to Mamma *and not jump too near her*"! Charles's strength was neither now nor later to sit still. To the sedentary James his son must have been something of a puzzle, but not an annoyance. Hay describes him as a "diversion"

to the King and Queen, adding pathetically, "and, indeed, they have little other." Already in his fourth year he was playing the fiddle, and did it "continually." In later life he blew the French horn and practised the bag-pipes. He was "continually in motion," a bundle of mischief, and too much for his women-folk. Early in 1724 the erudite Chevalier Ramsay was brought to Rome to take him in hand. But the puerilities of Jacobite intrigue robbed Charles of an able tutor. Mar had recently lost his master's favour, and Ramsay was suspected of being his agent. In the autumn of 1724 he gave up his post and returned to Paris. Charles's education was transferred to Murray and Thomas Sheridan. For Tom Sheridan Charles had a kindly feeling in the days to come. He was one of the "Seven Men of Moidart" in the '45, when Charles took excellent care of him, even to the airing of his sheets! Murray was a Protestant, and Clementina's anxiety increased apace. His malign influence, perhaps, was detected in his pupil's sad deportment to the Pope. Charles was taken (autumn, 1724) to the Vatican. The Pope gave him audience in the gardens. James and Clementina made their homage, but Charles was fractious. His conduct, says Mr. Ewald ridiculously, was "an offensive exhibition of Protestantism"! The child was not four. But he acted in keeping with his later attitude towards Rome. Experience taught

him that James's tutelage to Rome was his enemy's best asset. So he neglected his father, and quarrelled with his Cardinal brother. And in temperament Charles was not religious; he was too full-blooded for precocious piety. His patchwork training induced indifference. Aggressive Protestantism may have been instilled into him. *Je me fiche des prêtres: Les Moines sont de grands frippons: La Messe a couté trois royaumes à mon grand père.* Such axioms may, as it is asserted, have headed his copy-book. They bore fruit later, but in short frocks Charles surely had barely digested them.

At Charles's birth Walton had been assured "par plusieurs dames, connoisseuses dans le métier de faire des enfants, que la Princesse Sobieski, à juger du présent état de sa santé, n'en fera point d'autres." The fiction matched that of Charles's *jambes estropiées.* On March 6, 1725, Clementina bore her second and last child, Henry Benedict Maria, the future Cardinal. In Charles one detects the temperament of his mother. Henry was James's boy, *dévot* like his father, lacking, as Charles once twitted him, his own "popular air," but with his father's high-mindedness, a quality in which Charles was sadly deficient. There was some talk of sending Henry to Madrid to be brought up under the eye of that Court, and to keep it in remembrance of the exiles. Politically, the

proposal was sensible, but Clementina's motherhood revolted. James was hereditarily disposed, as Lockhart complains, to "skrew up the prerogatives of a soveraign and a husband." Soon after Henry's birth the relations of the ill-matched pair reached a crisis. It is difficult to see to the bottom of the stupid quarrel. Clementina was overwrought, and James's attitude of complacent rectitude was certainly exasperating. By nature, too, she was jealous. At Bologna, after her flight from Innsbruck, she had "flushed vermilion" when she saw the portrait of one with whom James's name had been coupled. Neglected by her husband, she convinced herself that he was unfaithful. Mrs. Hay (Lady Inverness), the sister of Murray, she believed to be her rival. Her own conduct gave colour to the accusation and damaged James's cause and character considerably. Hay believed Mrs. Sheldon, Charles's nurse, whom James had dismissed, to be at the bottom of the *embroglio*. James supposed that Clementina was the unsuspecting agent of Mar's intrigues, or Alberoni's. Whoever was Clementina's adviser, she resolved to stay with James no longer, and on November 15, 1725, withdrew to the Convent of the Ursuline nuns. The institution had been founded by Mary of Modena's mother, and was the object of that Queen's solicitude. It was linked closely with

the fortunes of the exiled Stuarts. Charles's wife, more sinned against and sinning than Clementina, found a refuge there in 1780, when she, too, fled from her husband. James followed his wife with letters of remonstrance, written for publication and published. Husband and wife were at a deadlock. James complained to the Princess Constantine Sobieska (December 1, 1725) that Clementina had listened "neither to reason, duty, nor interest." To her sister Clementina declared that she would rather "suffer death" than continue to live with "persons that have no religion, honour, nor conscience." Public sympathy was with her. From all quarters remonstrances were addressed to the distracted James. The Pope protested against his "concubinage!" James burst with anger; "le porteur du tel compliment courrait risque de descendre par la fenêtre au lieu de l'escalier"! *Le porteur* was a Bishop! So the miserable squabble continued. James was willing to pardon, but Clementina must appear, like the burghers of Calais, with patent marks of subjection before her King. Clementina was too *entêtée* to make the sacrifice. For a year and a half the two remained estranged.

In the autumn of 1726 James turned his back upon Rome and its unisonous chorus of condemnation. Before his departure for Bologna he took Charles to another audience (September 10) of the

Pope. This time the boy behaved with exemplary propriety, and repeated his Catechism. James no doubt desired to convince the Pope that his heretic son had the rudiments of a good Catholic. His Holiness was pleased, but on the eve of James's departure sent to him three Cardinals, who told him plainly, that he would not be suffered to establish himself permanently at Bologna if his object was to escape from his wife and to obtain a freer hand for conducting his children's education. James made no answer to the homily. But at Bologna, removed from the scene of his recent humiliation, he had opportunity to reflect. Papal displeasure, if continued, meant the loss or curtailment of his pension. Charles learnt the same fact in 1780. With James, unlike Charles, fidelity to those who served him faithfully was one of his most sterling qualities. Of Hay he had a "great and good opinion," as he told Lockhart. But Hay for the moment endangered his "lawsuit," and James bowed to necessity. In March, 1727, he parted from him regretfully. Hay removed, Clementina was ready to join her husband. Upon receiving an affectionate letter from him she had, it was said, "fainted straight away." In June, 1727, she left her convent to join James at Bologna. But James was elsewhere. In 1719 he had lingered in Spain while his young wife awaited him in Italy. Now she was coming to

him a second time, and his "law-suit" again held him absent. George the I.'s death had drawn him to Lorraine in futile quest of something to his advantage. But dapper George II. succeeded unopposed to his father's throne, and "all parties," says Lockhart despairingly, "made court to him." Warned to leave Lorraine, James withdrew to Avignon. Thither he summoned Clementina to him. She refused, probably suspicious of the Hays. Soon after James quitted Avignon and joined her at Rome. The royal couple were reconciled, but Lockhart of Carnwath, putting down his pen in that year (1728), despaired of the future: "Whilst no party is acting for his interest, no projects formed, nothing done to keep up the spirits of the people, the old race drops off by degrees, and a new one sprouts up, who, having no particular byass to the King, as knowing litle more of him than what the public news papers bear, enter on the stage with a perfect indifference, at least coolness towards him and his cause, which consequently must daylie languish and in process of time be tottally forgot." Lockhart could hardly discern the young Siegfried of the cause in the brown-eyed child of eight, jumping discreetly and "not too near Mamma," in the palace at Rome.

Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Sheldon, the Chevalier Ramsay, and Hay had each had a brief turn at

forming Charles's character. A Mr. Stafford now (October, 1728) took Murray's place as tutor. He served Charles for many years, until his master's lean purse hung him up high and dry in Charles's discarded house at Avignon. In spite of a dull home and an absent mother Charles had grown in strength and energy, if not in grace. Early in 1727 his cousin, the Duc de Liria, was a guest at the Palazzo dei Santi Apostoli. He describes the brothers, exaggerating their virtues, one suspects. Charles, "besides his great beauty, was remarkable for dexterity, grace, and almost supernatural cleverness." He could read fluently, knew his Catechism, spoke English, French, and Italian "perfectly," sat his horse well, was a first-rate shot, and generally "the most ideal Prince I have ever met in the course of my life"! Henry was "a prodigy of beauty and strength." Another observer (James Edgar, Mr. Lang suggests) repeats the Duc de Liria's eulogy in a letter of March 22, 1727. Charles, one learns, "has a stable of little horses." At "shooting, the tennis, shuttlecock, etc.," he was "most alert." "A gentleman in town has prepared a Caccia of pigeons and hares to be shot by him this afternoon." As a dancer "he bore his part at the balls in the carnival as if he were already a man." Jean Faure had taught James the art in his younger years. Charles excelled in more strenuous pursuits. He was pro-

ficient at golf. Later he patronized the "ring," and scandalized Papal Avignon by his boxing matches. He was, in fact, preposterously healthy and active. Study caught but a fraction of his interest. His body was at his desk, his mind out of window.

At the age of thirteen (1733) Charles, as the Earl Marischal observes, "had got out of the hands of his governors." A story retailed by Walton in October, 1733, seems to point the fact. In a towering temper Charles threatened to kick and even to kill Murray (Dunbar). "On a observé dans cette occasion la vivacité brutale du jeune homme," comments Walton. Mr. Ewald is incredulous, but Charles's wife and mistress knew his *vivacité brutale* to their cost in the days to come. It was high time to send him into a larger world to adjust his perspective. The opportunity arrived in 1734. In the spring Don Carlos and the Spaniards invaded the Two Sicilies, marching from Tuscany through the Papal States to Naples. The Austrian troops had been largely withdrawn to the Polish frontier, and Don Carlos met with but feeble resistance. But Gaeta—hard by Cicero's villa—refused to surrender, and the Spaniards sat down to besiege the place. The Duc de Liria, then serving under Don Carlos, took the opportunity to visit Rome, and invited (June 18, 1734) Charles to accompany him back to the army. Charles's delight one can imagine. James, too,

was willing. The Pope gave his blessing, but no *scudi*. On July 27, 1734, Charles left Rome *incognito* as the Chevalier de St. George, followed by his father's hope that he might one day be "both a great and a good man." Murray, whose shins or nether anatomy Charles had so lately threatened, and Sheridan went with him. Two Spanish friars, a surgeon, and four servants completed his "family." Don Carlos received him with distinction, and appointed him to an honorary command, with a stipend to support it. The Duc de Liria glowed with praise of his kinsman's conduct. He assured his brother, the Duc de Fitzjames, that Charles had hurried to the trenches immediately upon his arrival, and showed a lofty unconcern for cannon-shot "hissing about his ears." Liria's house was riddled, but Charles insisted upon remaining in it "a very considerable time, with an undisturbed countenance." "Valour," wrote the Duc, "does not wait for number of years." Charles, in a word, was "adored by officers and soldiers," and even the stoutest and most uncompromising Hanoverians "would soon change their way of thinking" had they witnessed the Prince's resolution and courage. The lad had undoubtedly shown pluck. He never failed in that quality. Lord Elcho, the Chevalier de Johnstone, and others who accused him of cowardice in '45, attacked him on the least vulnerable side of

his character. From Gaeta Charles proceeded to Naples. He went by ship, and on the voyage—the story is reported by De Brosses—his hat fell into the sea. A boat was on the point of being lowered, but Charles forbade a rescue. "I shall be obliged before long to go and fetch myself a hat in England," he said. The story is possibly *ben trovato*. But the boy's first taste of action had edged his life with a purpose. Meanwhile at Naples he thoroughly enjoyed himself. James (September 3, 1734) suggested greater care in his diet! By the middle of September he had returned to his father. "Everybody," admitted Walton, "says that he will be in time a far more dangerous enemy to the present establishment of the Government of England than ever his father was."

A few months after Charles's return Clementina died. Between the bright young face of Trevisani's (?) picture and its sad, nun-like look in James Edgar's miniature there is a contrast eloquent of sadness and broken hopes. With Hay she had buried the hatchet (January, 1731), and after her reconciliation with James had found, like himself, her consolation in religion. Johann Keysler, who saw her shortly before her death, thought her "too pale and thin to be reckoned a handsome woman." She seldom left her palace, he declares, "unless it be to visit a

convent out of devotion." In the early days of 1735 James told Hay that she was sinking, "with a tranquillity, a piety, and a peace which is, with reason, a great comfort to me in my present situation." On January 18, 1735, she died. Benedict XIV. raised a monument to her in St. Peter's, and a bronze medal was struck to commemorate her death. It bore Benedict's bust and the monument he had raised to her. A few years later Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, while at Rome, lighted on the strange information that Benedict had been Clementina's lover! As Mr. Lang remarks, "There is nothing like getting information on the spot!"

Save that John Sobieski's blood passed to him through her, Charles had been but little influenced by his mother. And between Charles and his father there was little in common. The old King radiated an atmosphere of impeccable infallibility. He exacted an unreasoning compliance with his own views of life and conduct. He was grave, pompous, and very well meaning. Charles, one imagines, was somewhat afraid of his glum parent, though in later years he treated him with scant respect. Yet James never wavered in his affection for his first-born; Charles was ever his "dearest Carluccio," though Henry best fulfilled his own standard of character. For Henry was "thoughtful," and in time developed a "vocation."

Charles, his father thought, was "wonderfully thoughtless." He was still in his teens, but marriage might sober him. A Spanish Infanta was asked for and refused. A visit to Poland was planned and abandoned, and eventually James resolved to send the boy upon a tour through Italy. The tour was *incognito*, and Charles was to travel as the Count of Albany. Henry Goring, whom he requited miserably in the future; Strickland, who went to Scotland in the '45; and Murray were with him.

On April 22, 1737, Charles set out from Rome. At Bologna he stayed for a couple of days, and danced at a ball in his honour. On May 6 he arrived at Parma, where the veteran of Gaeta inspected the troops, and passed on to other festivities at Piacenza, and thence to Genoa, Milan, and Venice. At the last he was received with royal honours, had audience of the Doge, and sat on the Bench of Princes in the Grand Council. England, following his tour closely, retaliated by dismissing the Venetian Resident from St. James's. Through Padua, Ferrara, and Bologna he proceeded to Florence, where Fane, the English Envoy, checked a disposition to follow Venice's example. Lucca, Pisa, and Leghorn completed the tour. It had no doubt considerably widened Charles's horizon, and induced a deeper longing for that activity which, save for

his one great adventure, churly Fate denied him.

After a long period of obscuration the Jacobite cause was on the eve of a revival. With the accession of Spain to the Quadruple Alliance in January, 1720, Europe had for the time turned its back upon the exiled Stuarts. "All the King's [James's] then schemes and projects were at ane end," writes Lockhart, "as the affairs and views of almost all the princes of Europe took a quite different turn, and their designs in favor of the King were superceded." Walpole's consistent refusal to be drawn into war was a further blow to the Jacobite cause, and year by year the throne of the Hanoverian stood firmer. In the War of the Polish Election, in which Charles had won his spurs, England took no part. But in 1739 the egregious Jenkins plunged England into war with Spain. A year later the death of the Emperor Charles VI. opened the flood-gates of war throughout Europe. The Jacobite bogey, long disused, was again invited from its corner.

While the stage was slowly preparing for his appearance Charles remained quietly at Rome, but "quite wearied of this country," as his father noticed (October, 1742). Sport, music, and dancing were his chief diversions. He played the violoncello "extremely well," James thought. Charles De Brosses thought so, too. In 1739-40 he visited

Rome. The two brothers, he writes, "sont tous deux passionnés pour la musique, et la savent parfaitement; l'aîné joue très bien du violoncelle; le second chante les airs italiens avec une jolie petite voix d'enfant du meilleur goût; ils ont une fois la semaine un concert exquis: c'est la meilleure musique de Rome, je n'y manque jamais. Hier, j'entrai pendant qu'on exécutait le fameux concerto de Corelli, appelé la *notte di natale;* je témoignai du regret de n'être pas arrivé plus tôt pour l'entendre en entier. Lorsqu'il fut fini et qu'on voulut passer à autre chose, le prince de Galles dit: 'Non, attendez; recommençons ce concerto; je viens d'ouïr dire à M. De Brosses qu'il serait bien aise de l'entendre tout entier.'" "Je vous rapporte volontiers ce trait," De Brosses adds, "qui marque beaucoup de politesse et de bonté." In February, 1741, we hear of Charles at a carnival ball, "masked in a fine complete Highland Dress, wch become him very well." He did not return home "till day light." Again, he has slept in a chair all night "that he might not lose a whole Day's Shooting." "What a pleasure would it be," wrote one of his *entourage*, "to see better game than shooting of quails!"

The outbreak of the War of the Austrian Succession led at once to a quickening of the moribund Jacobite party. John Murray of Broughton was officially constituted (1740) James's agent in

Scotland, and in 1741 a Jacobite Association was formed. William Drummond of Balhaldy and Lord Sempill represented, or misrepresented, its views and interests in France. Fleury maintained, however, a somewhat equivocal attitude, and his death in January, 1743, removed one from whom, probably, the Stuarts had little to expect. His place was taken by Cardinal Tencin, who owed his Hat to James, and from whom more was expected. Resolute to employ his whole armoury against England, Tencin proposed (June, 1743) to James that Charles should come to France, to be ready for action should the opportunity occur. Not over-sanguine of the result, James consented.

Charles's departure from Rome was planned with complicated secrecy. He had his fill of mysteries and secret comings and goings in the future, and began his long chapter of adventure appropriately enough. A shooting party was planned for January 11, 1744, at Cisterna. Early in the morning of the 9th Charles started from Rome. According to the ungenuine *Genuine Memoirs of John Murray, Esq.*, Charles embraced his father, declaring: "I go, Sire, in search of three crowns, which I doubt not but to have the honour and happiness of laying at your Majesty's feet. If I fail in the attempt, your next sight of me shall be in my coffin." "Heaven forbid!" cried James, "that all the crowns of the world

should rob me of my son." From that winter morning James never saw his son again. Outside Rome Charles changed his wig and coat, and, abandoning his coach on the plea that it was cold, galloped off as if toward Albano, but, making a detour, doubled northwards. Securing post-horses and passports from Cardinal Aquaviva, Charles travelled in dirty weather to Massa, and on by barque to Genoa. Thence he took ship to Savona, where he was "locked up"—in quarantine, Mr. Lang suggests. He may have been detained on other grounds. News of his departure from Rome had soon leaked out, though its motive was kept even from Henry. Walton was writing detailed accounts of Charles's adventures on January 28, and a week earlier (January 22) Horace Mann sent a description of him to the Duke of Newcastle: "The young man is above the middle height and very thin. He wears a light bag-wig; his face is rather long, the complexion clear, but borders on paleness; the forehead very broad, the eyes fairly large, blue [brown, Mr. Lang insists], but without sparkle; the mouth large, with the lips slightly curled; and the chin more sharp than rounded." But Charles had covered his tracks by the rapidity of his movements. For the first five days he neither slept nor changed his clothes. Until he reached the frontiers of Tuscany he travelled as a Neapolitan courier *en*

route to Spain, and thenceforward as a Spanish officer. From Savona he ran through the English fleet to Antibes, and hurried on post-haste to Paris. He arrived there, it is asserted, eleven days after he left Rome. His servants were quite *rendus*, he wrote to James (February 10), "and if I had been to go much further I should have been obliged to get them ty'd behind the chase with my portmantle."

Charles might have spared his horse-flesh. His breathless gallop from Italy brought him not to activity, as he hoped, but to sixteen months of weary waiting. Louis expressed "great tenderness" towards him, and Charles informed his more sceptical father of the fact. Æneas Macdonald alleges neglect on Louis's part. Probably Charles bubbling over with eager anticipation, was easily satisfied with formal compliments. He went down to Gravelines *incognito*, conveniently near to Dunkirk, where Marshal Saxe was superintending the equipment of an invading force. Meanwhile England had got wind of the threatened attack, and the Embassy at Paris had lodged a protest against Charles's presence on French soil. Loyal addresses were presented to George II. Nonjurors and Papists were roundly dealt with. Sir John Norris with a powerful fleet was ordered to Spithead. Late in February, 1744, Roqueville and a French squadron reconnoitred. Spithead

was drawn blank, and Roqueville jumped to the conclusion that Norris was at Portsmouth and the coast clear. A swift message apprised Saxe at Dunkirk. The troops crowded the transports, and Charles at length was *en voyage*. Within a few hours the transports were drifting wrecks, and Roqueville himself was running before the hurricane. England's Protestant winds become monotonous!

Despite the disaster Charles remained on at Gravelines, still hopeful, and deep in unaccustomed correspondence. "It was fore a clock before I could get my dinner, by being busy," he tells his father on March 6; one letter alone "cost me seven owers and a half." Charles endeavoured to stir up the Earl Marischal to "push them [the French Ministers] on." Marischal thought him hare-brained, and politely snubbed his suggestion of going to Scotland "single." By the end of March Charles had ceased to hope for anything further from Louis, and had received a polite hint that his withdrawal from Gravelines would be judicious. He retired to Paris, seemingly. "Nobody nose where I am," he tells his father (April 3), "or what is become of me, so that I am entirely Burried as to the publick, and cant but say that it is a very great constrent upon me, for I am obliged very often not to stur out of my room, for

fier of some bodys noing my face. I very often think that you would laugh very hartily if you saw me goin about with a single servant bying fish and other things and squabling for a peney more or less." His debts, indeed, were accumulating, and James hinted his return to Rome. But that was Charles's remotest *pis aller*.

Since the failure of the projected invasion in February, the Association in Scotland had become anxious. In July, 1744, Murray of Broughton set out for Paris to learn what hope remained of a rising. Murray's later career does not inspire confidence, but if he is to be believed, Charles assured him that the French design would be put into execution "that Harvest," and that he himself was resolved to come to Scotland "if he brought only a single Footman" with him. His own advisers in Paris were at sixes and sevens. "You may well imagine how out of Youmer I am," he tells his father (November 16, 1744), "when for comfort I am plagued out of my life with *tracasyrs* from ower own People." Little wonder that he took his own course, made his own plans, chose his own *confidants*, and bided his time, firm in the resolution he had expressed to Murray. As he put it to his father: "I cannot but mention a parable here, which is that if a horse, which is to be sold, if spurred does not

skip, nobody would care to have him, even for nothing ; just so my friends would care very little to have me, if, after such usage as all the world is sensible of, I should not show I have life in me.' He proved it with a vengeance !

CHAPTER III

THE FORTY-FIVE

Charles announces his Departure for Scotland—His Equipment—His Companions—Combat between the *Lion* and *Elizabeth*—Charles lands at Eriska—Boisdale advises Him to return—Charles crosses to Lochnanuagh—Lochiel engages to raise the Camerons—The *Du Teillay* returns to France—The Standard raised at Glenfinnan—The Government's Forces in Scotland—Early Hostilities—Cope marches Northward—Charles gets past Him—At Perth—Cope follows by Sea—Charles summons Edinburgh—Lochiel captures the City—Charles at Holyrood—The Battle of Prestonpans—The Duke of Cumberland recalled from Flanders—Charles resolves to invade England—Carlisle falls—The Manchester Regiment—Charles reaches Derby—Reluctantly sanctions a Retreat—Clifton Skirmish—Charles at Glasgow—Encouraging Situation in Scotland—Stirling surrenders—The Castle defiant—Hawley advances from Edinburgh—The Battle of Falkirk—The Chiefs advise Retreat—Charles withdraws Northward—The "Rout of Moy"—Charles at Inverness—His Force scatters—Cumberland advances from Aberdeen—The Night March to

Nairn—Sad Plight of the Highland Army—The Battle of Culloden.

IT was, as Flora MacIvor told young Waverley, "one of your saucy English poets" who wrote of Scotland's

> "Bootless host of high-born beggars,
> Mac-Leans, Mac-Kenzies, and Mac-Gregors."

On that bootless, motley host Charles's hopes were staked. His venture was a mad one. Himself a lad of twenty-five, inexperienced, neither known by nor knowing those whom he came to lead; the moment inopportune; his adherents unprepared, even unwilling; French support more than doubtful. But the Highlanders remained. Nearly a generation of irksome inactivity had passed since the day of Sheriffmuir and the later Glenshiel,

> "But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past,
> The morn on our mountains is dawning at last;
> Glenaladale's peaks are illumined with rays,
> And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze.
>
> "Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
> Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?
> That dawn never beam'd on your forefathers' eye,
> But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die."

In June, 1745, Charles was with his friend the Duc de Bouillon, heartily tired of the vacillation of the French Court. Hating inactivity, his pride

chafing at failure in an enterprise somewhat over-confidently begun, and reflecting, possibly, that decisive action on his own part might spur Louis's halting purpose, he resolved to take the plunge. His buoyant nature was off the curb. He would come to Scotland, he had told Murray of Broughton, "if he brought only a single Footman" with him. To his father at Rome he wrote on June 1 the first hint of his resolve. He had been "invited by our friends," he represented ingenuously, to go to Scotland, "the only way of restoring you to the Crown, and them to their liberties." He reminded his father of his own conduct a generation back. "Your Majesty cannot disapprove a son's following the example of his father," he pleaded. "Old Mr. Melancholy's" disapproval his son anticipated. He would have written before, he continued, but despaired of convincing his father that the scheme was other than "rash." To James Edgar he wrote on the same day. The lad's equipment might tempt a smile. He was about to challenge the might of Britain with a few hundred muskets and broadswords, "twenty small field-pieces, two of which a mule may carry," a "good quantity" of powder, balls, flints, and dirks. Brandy, too, was in his slender cargo, and near £4,000 in his *cassette*. His good friends Routledge of Dunkirk and Antoine Vincent Walsh of Nantes had equipped him "without the knowledge of the French Court."

They had done more. Walsh had provided his own ship, the *Du Teillay* (or *Doutelle*), frigate, for the young hero, and was going in command of her himself. Routledge had secured a man-of-war, the *Elizabeth*, to "cruise on the coast of Scotland." She would escort the *Du Teillay* "without appearing to do it." "I expect a courier every moment" from Nantes, the Prince continued to Edgar, "with an account that all is ready; and then I must lose no time to get there, and go directly on board." As to the familiar yet foreign land to which he was going, its readiness to employ his muskets and broadswords, his plans for the future—these and all else but the immediate joy in coming action, the sense of doing something, were behind the curtain. A note to Murray of Broughton that he was coming, and a desire that "his Friends might be informed of it," was his only communication to the other side. By every law that rules success the story of the Forty-five should unfold a comedy did not this sanguine Prince and his "bootless host" lift it to romance.

On June 22 the *Du Teillay* sailed from Nantes. The Prince was on board *incognito*. In the following months he was to masquerade as Betty Burke, Lewie Caw, and "one Sinclair." He began the adventure as the son of his old tutor, Sir Thomas Sheridan. The secret was strictly confined to his immediate companions on board—the Jacobite

Duke of Atholl (the "high-minded Moray, the exiled, the dear"), Sir John Macdonald, Colonel Strickland, Captain O'Sullivan, the Non-juring parson George Kelly, and Æneas Macdonald, the Paris banker, Kinloch Moidart's brother. They pass in history as "the Seven Men of Moidart." The phrase obscures their, for the most part, Irish extraction, a blemish, as it proved, in the eyes of Lord George Murray and other honest Scots. On July 4 the *Elizabeth* joined the frigate at Belle Isle, and the next day Charles sailed to the land whose devotion was to enshrine him among the world's immortals. Three accounts of the voyage, the log of the *Du Teillay*, and a map of her route, are extant. The voyage was uneventful until they lay south-westward of the coast of Ireland. They were nearly a week from France, when late one evening a vessel appeared in the offing, drew nearer, and disappeared. Next morning she repeated the same tactics, and was identified as H.M.S. *Lion*. Captain d'Eau, of the *Elizabeth*, scented battle. He came on board the *Du Teillay* to concert joint measures. Walsh "answered him civilly," but let it be understood that the Prince's safety was his first consideration, and an engagement to be avoided. Captain d'Eau thought otherwise. He suspected that the *Lion* was awaiting a consort, and judged it better to fight her while she remained single-handed. Punc-

tuating his resolve, he drew his sword as he took leave of Walsh, returned to his own quarter-deck, and prepared for action. For five or six hours the fight raged, until at length the *Lion* sheered off, "like a tub upon the water." Charles, watching the engagement, had chafed at Walsh's caution, and importuned him to go to the *Elizabeth's* assistance. Walsh "positively refused," and even threatened to confine the Prince to his cabin. If the *Lion* was a helpless tub, the *Elizabeth* also was so seriously damaged that she was forced to put back to France. The *Du Teillay* proceeded alone, and not long after parting from the *Elizabeth* successfully eluded two more British men-of-war. The Long Isle was in the offing, when a happy omen welcomed the adventurers. An eagle hovered over the vessel. "Sir," said the Duke of Atholl, "the king of birds is come to welcome your royal highness upon your arrival in Scotland." A few hours later, on July 23, they landed at Eriska.

Prince Charles had "taken seisin" of his own. He trod the soil of Scotland. Appropriately the first picture of him reveals the frank boyishness and *bonhommie* which won the Highlanders. Angus Macdonald's "mean, low hut" sheltered this heir of Kings. At the "cheek of the little ingle," upon a heap of peats, he sat and laughed heartily as Duncan Cameron played a

clumsy and unaccustomed *rôle* as cook. After supper—flounders *sans légumes,* "not a grain of meal or one inch of bread"—Charles's first care was for his "father," Sheridan, even to the inspection of Angus's store of bed-linen. The peat smoke was trying, and the wakeful Prince "was obliged to go often to the door for fresh air." "What a plague is the matter with that fellow," muttered Angus indignantly, "that he can neither sit nor stand still, and neither keep within nor without doors?" One pictures the gray dawn rising off the sea whispering promise of great deeds to the musing lad.

The new day broke, a day of discouragement, the first of many. Alexander Macdonald of Boisdale came over from South Uist at an urgent summons. Bluntly he advised the Prince to return "home." "I am *come* home, sir," Charles replied, and his Highlanders, he was assured, would stand by him. The Cassandra of Boisdale averred the contrary. The Prince ventured the names of Macdonald of Sleat and Macleod of Macleod as among the faithful. Boisdale still croaked discouragement, and with reason, for Sleat and Macleod sat judiciously on the fence, or on the nether side of it. So passed the first day of the Great Adventure, lightened only by the appearance of Kinloch Moidart, the banker's brother, "an exceeding cool-headed man," but

loyal and willing. A day or two after, Hugh Macdonald of Morar met him on Lochy water. Kinloch Moidart announced their Prince's arrival. Morar asked what levies he had brought with him, what stock of arms and money. "A very small stock of either," replied the other. "What generals or officers?" persisted Morar. "None at all," was the reply. "I don't like the expedition at all," said Morar. "I cannot help it," answered Kinloch Moidart. "If the matter go wrong, then I'll certainly be hanged, for I am engaged already."

Meanwhile the Prince had made another step towards Holyrood. On July 25 the *Du Teillay* conveyed him from Eriska to Lochnanuagh on the mainland. Thither he summoned those on whom he relied, among others, Murray of Broughton, Lochiel, the Jacobite Duke of Perth, and young Ranald of Clanranald. On the 27th Young Clanranald, Alexander Macdonald of Glenaladale, and Æneas Macdonald of Dalilea arrived at Forsy and went on board. Clanranald was at once closeted with the Prince. The rest waited expectant on deck under a tent "well furnished with variety of wines and spirits." Three hours passed. At length the Prince appeared. "I found my heart swell to my very throat," says an eye-witness. Charles was again metamorphosed. He entered the tent, "a tall youth of a most agreeable aspect,

in a plain black coat, with a plain shirt, not very clean, and a cambrick stock fixed with a plain silver buckle, a fair round wig out of the buckle, a plain hatt with a canvas string, haveing one end fixed to one of his coat buttons; he had black stockins, and brass buckles in his shoes." The heir of the Stuarts was, for the nonce, "ane English clergyman who had long been possess'd with a desire to see and converse with Highlanders." After a brief conversation he drank to them all round and withdrew.

"It is a point agreed among the Highlanders," says the historian Home, that Charles's fate rested on the *fiat* of a single man—Donald Cameron, the gentle Lochiel. Visits of courtesy, pledgings in French brandy, masqueradings in parsonic shoe-buckles and other appropriate *insignia*, do not build armies, and Charles's muskets and broadswords were still rusting in the hold. Lochiel's visit to the *Du Teillay* ended a picnic and inaugurated a campaign. He had already, when Charles first suggested it, denounced his coming, unsupported by France, as "a rash and desperate undertaking." He still remained in that opinion. But the reproach of the younger won the older man. "In a few days," said Charles, "with the few friends that I have, I will erect the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Britain, that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the

crown of his ancestors, to win it, or to perish in the attempt." Lochiel, he continued bitterly, might stay at home, "and learn from the newspapers the fate of his Prince." "No," answered Lochiel, "I'll share the fate of my Prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power." Lochiel's engagement emboldened the timid. Before the end of July, Donald Macdonell of Scotus, Glengarry, the Macdonalds of Keppoch and Glencoe, and Stewart of Ardsheil, were pledged to raise their clans. The play was begun. The rendezvous was appointed for August 19 at Glenfinnan.

Charles had played a difficult game and had played it well. The slightest appearance of hesitation, the suspicion of a halting purpose, would have been fatal to his hopes. And his despatch of the *Du Teillay* to France on August 4 proclaimed him in earnest. On the same day he came on shore at Borradale. Angus Macdonald entertained him at a feast, whereat Charles "drunk the grace drink in English," while the "whole neighbourhood without distinction of age or sex" pressed round. A week passed while preparations were made and communications exchanged with Lochiel and the rest. On August 11 the Prince, his artillery and baggage, took boat to Kinloch Moidart, seven miles distant, while Clanranald's Macdonalds, his bodyguard, marched by

the shore. At Kinloch Moidart he halted till the 18th. Murray of Broughton joined him there. Thence by Glenaladale, westward of Loch Shiel, and early on the 19th to the rendezvous at Glenfinnan. The plain was deserted. No eager clansmen awaited him. For two hours he remained in "a little barn" or hovel at the head of Loch Shiel. At length the skirl of pipes reached him, and soon seven or eight hundred Camerons swung into view over the hill. On their arrival the day's simple but momentous ceremony was performed. Beneath the Standard, unfurled by Atholl, the Prince declared his commission. Murray of Broughton gives the notes of Charles's "short but very Pathetick speech" thereafter. He knew he should find in Scotland, he said, brave gentlemen fired with the "noble example of their predecessors, and jealous of their own and their Country's honour, to join with him in so glorious an enterprise." For his own part he did not doubt of "bringing the affair to a happy issue." On the heels of the ceremony came Macdonald of Keppoch and three hundred of his clan. A few Macleods, "who disclaimed their chief," followed later. So the evening closed over the little band, a thousand strong, and their challenge to Hanoverian George and the might of Britain.

One turns to the other side. When the storm burst suddenly upon them, the British forces in

Scotland were lamentably weak. Guise's regiment (the 6th of the line) was distributed among the forts and barracks in the north. Lees (the 44th), half of which was at Berwick, Murray's (the 46th), and Lascelles's (the 47th), completed the line establishment. Except Guise's, all the regiments had been formed in 1741, and had seen no active service. There were available, besides, nine companies which had been raised for service abroad. Recruiting for the Earl of Londoun's Highland regiment had also been proceeding briskly. Of cavalry there were only Gardiner's and Hamilton's dragoon regiments. They had been raised in 1715, but had seen no active service. The command of this unreliable force was in the hands of Sir John Cope, a man who failed where others, probably, would have done no better, "one of those ordinary men," as a contemporary described him, of the pipe-clay school, and with little adaptability to strange and unexpected conditions.

In spite of his *incognito* Charles's departure from Nantes was soon known to the Government. On August 1 a reward of £30,000 was offered for his apprehension should he succeed in landing. Two days later (August 3) Macleod of Macleod, who had already rejected Charles's overtures, informed Duncan Forbes at Edinburgh that the Prince was in Scotland. That mischief was brewing

was soon apparent. On August 14 Keppoch's clan seized Captain Swettenham of Guise's regiment on his way from Ruthven to Fort William. Two days later (August 16) a couple of companies were drafted thither from Fort Augustus. They shared the fate of Swettenham. Cope had already sketched his plan of campaign. He announced to the War Office his intention "to march his troops into the Highlands, to seek out the rebels, and try to check their progress." On the 20th he marched from Stirling with twenty-five companies of foot and a small train of artillery. On the 26th he was at Dalwhinnie, the pass of Corryarrack before him. But the pass was hazardous, the Highlanders behind it. Cope therefore called a council of war. To force a passage to Fort Augustus was admitted to be hopeless; so, leaving the military road, he took the highway to Inverness, and by forced marches was there on August 29. The road to Edinburgh lay open behind him.

Charles and his forces had set out from Glenfinnan on August 21. A few days later he was at Invergarry. Here, in the time-honoured ritual, his followers drew up a "band" pledging themselves "not to lay down their arms nor to make their peace without the consent of the whole." Fraser of Gortleg arrived with a proposal from that wily fox, Lord Lovat. The rogue was already

in correspondence with Forbes of Culloden, but to the Prince he suggested that the Frasers only awaited his advent to rise. He spoke for the Macdonalds of Sleat, the Macleods and Mackenzies. Atholl and Murray, the secretary, sufficiently gauged the sincerity of this crafty "Facing-both-Ways." The Prince's gaze also was turned southward to Edinburgh and beyond. So the march was resumed. In Glengarry, Stewart of Ardsheil came up with some two hundred of the men of Appin. Glengarry himself did not come out (Barrisdale had a word on that when all was over), but the Macdonells, six hundred strong, under Lochgarry and Angus (Pickle's brother), joined the banner as it passed through their country. It was a high-spirited army, over two thousand strong, that rose from Aberchalder in the early morning of August 27 and scented battle in the hills south-eastward, where Cope and Corryarrack lay in mist. But no redcoat lay concealed in Corryarrack—"a gentleman of the name of McPharson" brought the news. Through the pass the Prince marched unchallenged, Cope scampering meanwhile towards Inverness.

The prospect before Charles was one which his wildest hopes could hardly have conjured up when the *Du Teillay's* departure pinned him to a hazardous enterprise three short weeks before.

The fates were kinder to him than to his father in 1715. Then Argyll had obstinately barred the line of the Forth. Now the approach to the capital lay open and unopposed, save for the dragoons whom Cope had left in his rear, a feeble obstacle, as they proved. Charles swept leisurely along to his goal. On September 2 he was at Lude. The Robertsons for the most part looked askance upon him; but their Lady was Jacobite *au bout des ongles*, "so elevate while she was about the Young Pretender at that time," records an unsympathetic observer, "that she looked like a person whose head had gone wrong." Charles was in buoyant spirits, "took his share in several dances," called for reels, and gave the measure, "This is not mine ain house." He left hospitable Lude on the 3rd, and next day made his entry into Perth.

The time had come to organize his forces, swelled at Perth by a body of Macgregors and Robertsons. He had received other recruits: Lord James Drummond (the Jacobite Duke of Perth), the Chevalier de Johnstone, and, above all, Lord George Murray. Murray was a man of military ability, but difficult to work with in tandem harness. To him and Perth Charles gave the joint command; an uneasy partnership it proved. Nor did the appointment of O'Sullivan as Quartermaster-General and Sir John Mac-

donald as Instructor of Cavalry yield general satisfaction. To the home-bred Scot there was too much Irish leaven in the Jacobite loaf. But dissension came later. For the moment a point of importance obtained unanimous settlement. Cope was still in the field. He set out from Inverness towards Aberdeen on September 4, the day Charles entered Perth. Transports were to meet him there. By their help he hoped to get between the Prince and the capital. Whether to return northward and cut off Cope from Aberdeen, or to neglect him and continue the march upon Edinburgh, was debated in council at Perth. The former course was hazardous. Cope might refuse battle and hold his enemy inactive before him. To Charles time was golden. Troops had been summoned from Flanders, as he knew. To secure the capital before their arrival seemed imperative. The *prestige* alone of such an achievement would be incalculable So, on September 11, the march was resumed. On the 13th the army passed the Forth at the Fords of Frew, Gardiner's dragoons making no attempt to oppose the passage. Stirling Castle fired a few shots as the Prince passed on the 14th. Early in the morning of Sunday, the 15th, his army encamped eastward of Linlithgow. Charles himself, with but a slender bodyguard, took up his quarters in the palace, and ordered that no

interruption of the Sunday services should be allowed. The next day (September 16) gave him his first sight of the capital of his ancestors. He had anticipated at least a show of resistance on the march. He encountered none. Gardiner's dragoons retreated before him to the Colt Brig, and thence joined Cope upon his landing at Dunbar. At two o'clock in the afternoon Charles advanced to Corstorphine, and, filing off to the right, his army encamped that evening at Gray's Mills, two miles distant from the city on the south-west.

Edinburgh was in no condition to offer resistance. It was unfortified. Its walls were rickety, and "the condition of the men who might be called upon to defend them was pretty similar," says Homė. Volunteers had been enrolled, only to disband in grotesque confusion in the crisis of danger. The dragoons were worse than useless, a terror to their friends rather than to the enemy. General Guest and a garrison held the castle.

Late in the afternoon of the 16th Charles's summons was brought in to the distracted authorities. Cope's arrival from Aberdeen was believed to be imminent. A parley might allow him to reach Edinburgh in time. The magistrates resolved to attempt one. About eight o'clock at night a deputation from them appeared at Gray's Mills. Charles directed Murray of Broughton to

receive them. Murray repeated the conditions of surrender, and bade them return with an answer promptly. No further respite could be allowed them. On their return to the city encouraging news awaited them. Cope's transports, sighted off Dunbar, had revived the spirits of the City Fathers. A Babel of proposals filled the Council Chamber—to ring to arms, to assemble the disbanded volunteers, to hold out until Cope brought relief. The deputies from Gray's Mills entered upon the heels of the clamour. Long deliberation ensued. At two o'clock in the morning (September 17) a hackney coach again conveyed a deputation to the Prince. They were instructed to ask for a suspension of hostilities until nine o'clock. Lord George Murray seconded their application, but Charles refused to consider it. Once more the weary deputies returned to Edinburgh. Their coach put them down in the High Street, and returning through the opened port of the Cannongate, found itself engulfed in a yelling crowd of Highlanders. Charles had stolen a march upon his adversary. Soon after the first deputation left Gray's Mills, a detachment had been despatched towards Edinburgh under Lochiel and O'Sullivan. Even while the authorities were debating their answer, Lochiel and his men were groping round the walls. At one of the gates he attempted a *ruse de guerre,* sending one of his

people in artless disguise, "a great coat and hunting cape," to demand admission. The *ruse* failed, and the detachment was about to withdraw till daylight, when the Cannongate opened to the deputies' empty coach. Lochiel sprang through, his people behind him with drawn swords and targets, raising "a hideous yell." Up the Cannongate they swept to the Guard-house, took possession of it and of the several ports, and, drawing up their main body in the Parliament Close, awaited the Chief for whom they had won a city without a blow.

About ten o'clock on that auspicious day (September 17) Charles halted his army under the shadow of Arthur's Seat. Holyrood lay below him, the intervening park filled with curious citizens eager to see "this extraordinary person." He came among them on foot down the Duke's Walk, his chiefs and captains around him. A bystander (Home) gives his portrait in that proud moment of his life: "He was in the prime of youth, tall and handsome, of a fair complexion; he had a light-coloured periwig with his own hair combed over the front; he wore the Highland dress, that is, a tartan short coat without the plaid, a blue bonnet on his head, and on his breast the star of the order of St. Andrew." Near the palace he mounted his horse, and so passed to the home of his ancestors.

At noon his father was publicly proclaimed at the Mercat Cross.

A month had passed since Charles raised the Standard in Glenfinnan. Its confident motto, *Tandem Triumphans,* still read unchallenged. But a test was imminent. Cope's tardy transports bore the challenge. For a brief two days Holyrood shone with some of the brilliance of years long past. Thither came many eager for the coming fray. Lord Elcho joined his Prince, whom at a later time he so bitterly execrated. Maclachlan brought his clan. Grant of Glenmoriston, hot-foot on the trail of battle, burst in dishevelled and unceremonious to Charles's presence. "It is not beardless boys who are to do your Royal Highness's turn," was his answer to a mild reproof. On the 19th the expected news arrived: Cope had left Dunbar, and was marching by the post-road towards the capital. He encamped near Haddington that night. Next morning he advanced, and took up his position in the plain between Tranent and Preston. There he resolved to await his enemy, his right flank on the sea, Edinburgh on his front.

The news of Cope's advance drew Charles from Holyrood. He joined his army at Duddingston that evening (September 19). Under the frowning rocks which guard its lake his army drew up early on the morrow. By nine o'clock all was ready for

the advance. Charles took his place at the head of the column with "a very determined Countenance." "Gentlemen," he addressed them, "I have flung away the Scabbard; with God's assistance I don't doubt of making you a free and happy people. Mr. Cope shall not escape us as he did in the Highlands." With a scouting party of cavalry on its front, the Camerons following, the army moved forward. Cope lay eastward on the main road. But Lord George knew his Highlanders. "Even a haggis (God bless her!)" could charge down hill. Up to the high ground above the seaward plain he led the column. Half an hour's stiff marching gave him the summit. Thence past Colonel Gardiner's house to Tranent; Cope in full view below, marshy ground, a dyke, and walls intervening. From that quarter an attack was hazardous, but the puzzled Cope wheeled his front to face the unexpected position. Eastward of Tranent the Highlanders halted. The harvest of the fields had been gathered in, and the men lay down in the stubble, a small rising on their front masking them from Cope's gunners, who already had made some practice on them. Eastward of the bivouac there lay a narrow and circuitous path, which led to the plain below, opening on Cope's flank. Robert Anderson of Whitburgh pointed it out to Lord George. At nightfall the officers met. The opportune informa-

tion was eagerly discussed, and it was resolved to attempt the path at daybreak. Cope's camp-fires meanwhile flickered from below. His front still faced Tranent. His baggage and military chest were in the rear at Cockenzie, guarded by Loudoun's and Lord John Murray's Highlanders. Lee's regiment was on his right, Murray's on his left, Lascelles's and a fraction of Guise's on his centre. Gardiner's and Hamilton's dragoons flanked the line on the right and left respectively. On the left, and near the waggon-path from Tranent to Cockenzie, were his cannon. Beyond them his pickets stretched near as far as Seaton, hard by the spot where Anderson's providential pathway debouched on the plain.

Mist lay heavy in the plain when the Highland host awoke. Noiselessly the Macdonalds drew off from near Tranent, and, passing in front of the regiments on their right, followed their guides to the plain below. The Atholl brigade, the *corps de reserve,* followed. Lord George with the Camerons, Stewarts, and Macgregors brought up the rear. Once upon the level ground the whole force faced about, and moved on with gathering impetus to the attack. The alarm had already been given, but Cope had barely time to change his front, before the sun, dispelling the mist, showed an oblique line of foemen, its left advanced, hurrying towards him over the stubble, "speaking and

muttering in a manner that expressed and heightened their fierceness and rage." The sight would have unnerved veterans. Cope's gunners fled without firing a shot. A squadron of horse galloped up to cover the guns, received the fire of the Camerons, and fled from the field. Gardiner's dragoons, after a feeble resistance, followed them. The panic spread among the infantry of the right and centre. They fired a haphazard volley and rushed to the rear. The Macdonalds to the right were still at some distance from Cope's line, but Hamilton's dragoons at that quarter received a volley and refused to stand. Murray's foot discharged their muskets and followed them. Within a few minutes of the first onset Cope's army had ceased to exist. His cannon, baggage, and nearly seventeen hundred prisoners fell to the victor. "Y^e^ Army," Charles told his father, "had a fine plunder."

With staggering swiftness the little cloud so lately risen in the Western Highlands had covered the northern sky. Scotland for the moment was lost to the Union. The unexpectedness of the crisis hardly relieved the Government of the responsibility for its magnitude. But the magnitude recognised, prompt measures were taken. Parliament met on October 17. Loyal addresses to the King were followed by the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. Troops were recalled

from Flanders and despatched to Newcastle under Marshal Wade's command. On October 19 the Duke of Cumberland arrived. England was at length awakened. On the 30th the Prince, who had returned to Edinburgh on the morrow of his victory, held a council to resolve on his further movements. Elated by his easy success over Cope, Charles proposed to march upon Newcastle. What Leslie and his blue-bonnets had done in 1640 was possible again. Lord George and the majority threw cold water on his ardour. An invasion of England, they objected, if undertaken at all, would be chiefly for the purpose of encouraging his friends to declare themselves. The West of England ought, therefore, to be their goal. After some hesitation Charles adopted the proposal, and an advance upon Carlisle was ordered for the next day, November 1. He had already issued a proclamation to encourage his English adherents.

In two columns the army set out from Edinburgh on November 1. The Dukes of Atholl and Perth took the western route through Peebles, Moffat, and Lockerby. The Camerons, Macdonalds, Stewarts, Macgregors, Mackinnons, and Lord Pitsligo's horse marched with them. The Prince and Lord George took the route through Lauder, Kelso, and Longtown, with the Atholl Brigade, the Drummonds, Lord Elcho's, Lord Balmerinoch's, and Lord Kilmarnock's horse, and John Roy Stewart's,

Gordon of Glenbucket's, Lord Ogilvy's, and Cluny Macpherson's contingents. The whole force numbered about five thousand men. Cope's captured artillery and some guns recently brought from France by Colonel James Grante went along with it. On November 9 the two columns united near Carlisle, and on the 10th the Prince's summons was sent in to the city. Carlisle was garrisoned by the Cumberland and Westmoreland militia, under Colonel Durand. Their numbers were weak, but for the moment their spirit was high. Assembled at the "Bush" hostelry, the authorities resolved that no answer should be sent out to the Prince. Their hopes were with Wade at distant Newcastle. On the 13th a message reached them from the Marshal. He held out no prospect of relief. Panic seized the defenders. The militia officers openly counselled flight. On the 14th a deputation of the townsmen and faint-hearted militia went out to the Prince. They found him at Brampton, and returned with his refusal to grant terms so long as the castle held out. The answer was communicated to Durand, and in the circumstances he agreed to fall in with the prevalent desire to surrender. On the 17th Charles entered the city.

On November 18 Charles summoned his council at Carlisle. So far his adventurous progress had failed to draw recruits. Two persons only had

joined him from Northumberland. The prospect was hardly more encouraging southward. His military position, too, was becoming precarious. Wade was to the east of him. Handasyde with a force of cavalry and infantry had already entered Scotland, and was in Charles's rear at Stirling. In the Midlands Sir John Ligonier, soon to be superseded by Cumberland, awaited him. If the march was to be continued, military expediency insisted that it should be immediately commenced, before Wade and Ligonier could combine. On the 20th the cavalry left Carlisle. Charles and the infantry followed next day. On the 26th both divisions met at Preston. The name was fraught with ominous memories. In 1648, and again in 1715, it had seen the ruin of Scottish armies treading, like this one, the soil of the "auld enemy." To break the spell, and to convince his Highlanders that the town "should not be their *ne plus ultra*," Lord George led them at once over the Ribble. There were already murmurings at what many regarded as a fatuous expedition. Charles's assurance that his English partisans only awaited his appearance to declare for him commanded diminishing credit. At Preston he again summoned his council. He ventured to point to Manchester, and his hopes of finding partisans there. Thither the march was resumed. On the 29th Manchester was reached. A sturdy sergeant

and drummer had already been plying for recruits. At some risk they secured about a hundred and fifty, the modest harvest of the raid. Charles drafted them into the Manchester Regiment, under the ill-fated Francis Townley. Again the reluctant chiefs were summoned. Again they urged the futility of further advance through a people whose Jacobitism, if existent, was cryptic and faint-hearted. Cumberland was not far distant. Another army was assembling on Finchley Common for London's defence. Even the managers of the theatres in the capital were offering to equip their dependants with weapons more effective than those of mimic warfare. Charles's ardour brooked no opposition. On December 1 the army again moved forward. Cumberland's advanced posts were already as far north as Newcastle-under-Lyme; his base at Lichfield. Taking a column with him, Lord George struck off the Derby road to Congleton, feinting an attack. His *ruse* succeeded. Cumberland's posts drew back to their base, and on December 4 Charles was in possession of Derby, his *ne plus ultra.* The vanguard rode in about eleven o'clock in the morning, and drew up in the market-place. The bells clanged an unwilling peal, bonfires flared a hollow welcome, "to prevent any resentment that might ensue" if those ceremonies were omitted. In the afternoon the main body marched in, the bagpipes

at their head, all "in tolerable order." In the dusk of the evening Charles arrived, and was conducted to his lodgings. Thither his officers proceeded next day (December 5) to discuss the position. Cumberland was to be that night at Stafford. Wade was hurrying from the north by forced marches. But Charles was impervious to argument. He "pressed with all the force of argument to go forward." His hopes were still on fickle France, on his backward partisans, whom a brilliant dash on the capital might encourage or shame into action. But the risk attending such an exploit was enormous; the chances of its success were of the slightest. It could but have added, in the long run, a thousandfold to the perils of an ultimately inevitable retreat. These and other considerations were showered upon the reluctant Prince. He admitted their force, and proposed to withdraw into Wales. But his followers looked northward, and clamoured to be led thither. With a heavy heart Charles consented.

On December 6 the retreat commenced. "All was sullen and silent that whole day," writes Maxwell of Kirkconnell. To keep up the men's spirits it was given out that an engagement with Cumberland was imminent. A force of cavalry sent forward in his direction supported the pretence. But as the column swung through Ash-

bourne familiar landmarks proclaimed retreat. Another rumour stifled the murmurs. Wade was ahead, it was said; reinforcements from Scotland were in peril at his hands, and they were bound northward in relief. That achieved, their faces would again be set Londonwards. But the truth was soon apparent to all as the dejected army, without undue haste or confusion, retraced its steps. On December 11 Charles was at Preston, Cumberland two days' march behind him. On the 17th the Duke, whom Wade's cavalry under Oglethorpe had joined, was at Kendal. Charles reached Penrith the same day. Toiling in his rear were Lord George Murray and the guns, with Glengarry's supporting regiment. The breakdown of some ammunition waggons not far out of Kendal had delayed them. A fierce storm of wind and rain left them yet further in the rear. At daybreak on the 18th they set out from Shap to join the main body at Penrith. At mid-day the weary force began to ascend Thrimby Hill, half-way thither. Cavalry already hovered around them, and even on their front. With a rush the Highlanders gained the eminence, and, fighting a rear-guard action, came safely into Clifton. From there Lord George sent forward his artillery to Penrith, and despatched John Roy Stewart to inform Charles of his situation. With all expedition Cluny and the Macphersons, Ardsheil and

the Appin men were sent back to his support. Charles was resolved to advance to Carlisle, and Roy Stewart brought back an order to Lord George to follow him thither. Lord George was of another mind. With the force at his disposal he felt himself strong enough to hold in check Cumberland's pursuing cavalry, five hundred strong, half his own numbers. Placing the Macdonells on the right, Cluny's men and the Stewarts on the left of the highway, and John Roy Stewart's near the village, he awaited the attack. The comparative weakness of the enemy tempted him to assume the aggressive. Passing through or over the intervening hedges with the help of their dirks, the Highlanders fell upon the dismounted cavalry. "Then we indeed fell to pell-mell with them," writes a Macpherson; "but the poor swords suffered much, as there were noe lesse than 14 of them broke on the dragoons' skull caps (which they all had) before it seems the better way of doing their business was found out." A flank movement of the dragoons on the right got such a smart fire from the Glengarry Macdonells, "that such as outlived it were fain to make the best of their way back to their army." Retiring to his first position, Lord George proposed to maintain his post till daylight. An aide-de-camp from the Prince, however, ordered his retirement, and, marching all night, he over-

took the main body at Carlisle early on the following morning (December 19). Late the next evening (December 20) the whole army withdrew from Carlisle. A week later the Prince was at Glasgow, where his army took a brief but much needed rest. Cumberland, after forcing the capitulation of Carlisle on December 30, returned to London.

Since the raid into England commenced the position in Scotland had undergone considerable, and to the Prince encouraging, change. Lord Loudoun held the North, but the Frasers had at length come out, and had laid ineffectual siege to Fort Augustus. Lord Lewis Gordon, descending upon Aberdeen, had spirited the Jacobites of Dee and Don-side to action. A skirmish at Inverurie on December 23 established his hold upon that region. A month earlier (November 22) Lord John Drummond had landed a tardy reinforcement of some eight hundred men from France. The prospect was distinctly encouraging, and his army recovered from its late fatigues, Charles again took the field. On January 3, 1746, he advanced to Bannockburn and disposed his forces for the investment of Stirling, whose castle was held by Major-General Blakeney and a strong garrison. Lord John Drummond brought his regiment of Royal Scots and pickets of the Franco-Irish Brigade. Lord Lewis Gordon brought up his

clan. The Frasers also arrived, and detachments of Mackenzies, Mackintoshes, and Farquharsons. A total force of about eight thousand men was at Charles's disposal, nearly double the strength of the army he had led into England.

On January 6 trenches were dug, and the investment of Stirling commenced. The town had no mind, however, to stand a siege. Conditions were asked for and granted, and Charles took possession next day. But the castle remained defiant. Plans for its assault were prepared by M. Mirabelle de Gordon, a French engineer, whose name the Highlanders perverted to "Mr. Admirable." To spare the town from the enemy's fire he opened his trenches on a hill to the north of the castle. On the 14th the French artillery arrived. They were barely in position before the army was called to action in another quarter.

On January 6 Hawley, who had superseded Cope in the command in Scotland, arrived at Edinburgh. A week later his army advanced towards Falkirk. Leaving the Duke of Perth and a force of about twelve hundred men to continue the siege of Stirling Castle, Charles awaited Hawley's approach at Bannockburn. For two days his army was drawn up expectant. But Hawley lingered at Falkirk, and with sound judgment Lord George urged an attack upon him there. Offensive tactics better suited the genius of the

Highlanders, and there was the added hope of finding Hawley unprepared. At mid-day on the 17th the army moved towards the Torwood. Lord John Drummond and most of the cavalry struck eastward to the Stirling road through Larbor, as though the army followed and an attack was intended from that quarter. The main body, leaving the Torwood in their rear, crossed the Carron west of Dunipace, and having Falkirk well on their left flank, made rapidly for the high moorland south-westward of the town. Their advance had been tardily observed, too late to dispute with them the vantage-ground they had secured. As they reached it they drew up in two lines facing eastward. The Highlanders formed the first line, Macdonalds on the right, the Frasers, Camerons, and Stewarts on the left. In their rear were the Lowland regiments, for the most part. Charles stationed himself about twenty yards behind the centre.

The ground between the two armies was considerably broken. A level stretch fronted the Macdonalds, but leftward of them, where the Frasers stood, a ravine spread northward towards Graham's Dyke. Hawley's whole force of cavalry was posted to the left of it, fronting the Macdonalds, but covering no more than two-thirds of the Highland line. His infantry, hurried out of camp, were not fully formed when the attack

began. Drawn up in two lines behind the cavalry, they fronted the ravine and the Frasers, Camerons, and Stewarts beyond, but failed to cover the Macdonalds. It was nearly four o'clock in the darkening afternoon, and amid a howling storm of wind and rain, when Hawley ordered his cavalry to charge. Putting himself at the head of Keppoch's men, Lord George awaited the onset. Ten or twelve paces from the oncoming surge the Highland muskets spat fire. The troopers reeled in their seats. Hamilton's and Ligonier's regiments galloped to the rear. Cobham's wheeled to the right and thundered down the declivity between the armies, the clans on that quarter emptying many saddles as they passed. Pressing on, the Macdonalds and the regiments behind them, their muskets abandoned, claymore in hand, hurled themselves on front and flank of Hawley's foot. The first line wavered and broke, carrying the rear line with it in confusion. Only three regiments stood: Price's and Ligonier's fronting the ravine, and Barrell's behind them. Advancing to the edge of the declivity they poured their fire into the Camerons and Stewarts facing them. In the gathering darkness, their neighbours already far away in pursuit, those clans were deceived by the fierce fusillade into the belief that Hawley's whole infantry confronted them. Prevented by the ravine from their customary charge, they

gradually fell back. Those in their rear, alarmed by the movement, fled incontinent. Charles rode up to the wavering line. Lord George also strove to rally his men from their pursuit. Once more the Highland line moved forward. The enemy did not await their onset. Supported by Cobham's dragoons, the three regiments that alone had held their ground fell back on their camp in good order. But Hawley had no thought of rallying. Giving orders to fire the tents, his beaten army toiled despondent through Falkirk, thence to Linlithgow, and next day to Edinburgh.

On January 19 Charles returned to Bannockburn, and the siege of Stirling Castle was resumed. Four months had passed since he summoned his army to Glenfinnan, and the Highlanders already gazed wistfully to their valleys and glens westward; for the plunder of Hawley's camp and other loot cumbered their aching backs as they marched. The proud *Tandem Triumphans* of the red-crossed banner had been justified on more than one field. The army it waved over held an unbeaten record. Still, the Highlanders were uneasy in the Lowland plains, and the news of Cumberland's advent, of a supreme effort to retrieve Cope and Hawley's failure, quickened their desire to withdraw to their own country. On January 29 a letter from the chiefs, still encamped at Falkirk, apprised

Charles of their forebodings. They dwelt on the alarming depletion of the army from desertion, the unceasing exertions patiently borne, the improbability of Stirling Castle falling before the Duke's approach would compel another engagement. They proposed an immediate return to the Highlands. The capture of the Government's forts there would usefully employ the winter, and in the spring they would be ready to follow the Prince wherever he would lead them. Charles received the letter with the utmost chagrin. Already, after Prestonpans and at Derby, his sanguine assurance had been forced to bow to the wiser counsels of his advisers. It is to his credit that he knew how to yield with good grace. He did so now, though with bitter regret.

On February 1 Blakeney and his beleaguered garrison in Stirling Castle watched with satisfaction the withdrawal of their besiegers towards Perth. Thence in three columns the army retreated northward, the Prince and the clans taking the Highland road to Inverness, which Loudoun still held for the Government. On the 16th Charles was at Moy Hall, the guest of Lady Mackintosh. His forces were dispersed at some distance. News of Charles at Moy reached Loudoun, who resolved to attempt his capture. The project leaked out, and timely warning was

sent. Sentries were already round the house, too few to withstand an assault. Lady Mackintosh resolved upon a *ruse*. There was at Moy a blacksmith, by name Fraser, "who happened to be there by chance, having a desire to see the Prince." At nightfall he and four others crept quietly by the sentries to the moor through which the Inverness road wended. At length the tramp of "a great body of men" broke in upon their vigil. Five shots rang out in the darkness. One or more of Loudoun's men fell in the ranks. Then, a loud voice of command, "Advance! my lads! I think we have the dogs now!" The startled troops waited for no more. Pell-mell they rushed for Inverness and safety, leaving the strange battlefield to the stalwart five. Loudoun's attempt did not remain long unavenged. Assembling his column on the 17th, Charles advanced towards Inverness. Loudoun did not await him. On the 18th he retreated to the Black Isle. Two days later (February 20) Inverness and its castle were in Charles's possession.

From the capture of Inverness to the fatal day on Culloden Moor the story halts somewhat, and tells of scattered enterprises, not invariably successful, on the one side; of quiet preparation, on the other, by the man who was resolved not to fail as Cope and Hawley had before him. As the chiefs had suggested at Falkirk, the capture of

the Highland forts offered employment until the spring campaign opened. Fort George had already fallen. Fort Augustus surrendered on March 5. Fort William, garrisoned by Guise's regiment, made stouter resistance, and kept its colours flying until Cumberland reached it in May. Blair Castle also resisted capture. In Sutherlandshire Loudoun's retreating force had been followed up, and on March 20 had been dispersed. While these several exploits tended to scatter and to weaken the Prince's force, Cumberland was slowly preparing to advance. The van of his army reached Aberdeen on February 25. It was eager to wipe out the memory of past defeats, and to "put an end to this cursed and unnatural rebellion," as Albemarle, destined to be Cumberland's reluctant successor, phrased it. But Cumberland made no forward move until April 8. On the 11th he was at Cullen, the Spey before him. Lord John Drummond and the Duke of Perth were stationed there with a considerable force, and Cumberland anticipated resistance. He met with none, however, the clans withdrawing as he advanced. On the 14th they joined Charles at Culloden, and Cumberland advanced to Nairn.

Charles was but ill-prepared for the decisive engagement which was now imminent. So soon as Cumberland's advance to Cullen was reported, urgent summons was sent to the scattered clans.

Many a one had slipped home to his shieling, for the Prince's coffers were empty and food was scarce. It was seed-time, and others had gone hoping to prepare their fields for the harvest, and returning, to strike another blow for the Cause. Those who had lately been investing Fort William were still absent. The Mackenzies, Glengyle's Macgregors, and the Mackinnons had not yet returned from the pursuit of Loudoun. Keppoch's men came up only on the very eve of the battle. There was some thought of retiring to stronger ground until the scattered army was again united. That undoubtedly was the wiser plan. To do so, however, involved the abandonment of Inverness and the loss of the *matériel* stored there. So the proposal was rejected. In its place the scheme of the last engagement at Falkirk was suggested. April 15, as it happened, was Cumberland's birthday, and the anniversary was likely to have bibulous celebration throughout his camp. It was resolved to march towards Nairn under the cover of darkness, and to fall upon him unprepared. But while the chiefs deliberated their men grew impatient. They had been drawn up since early morning (April 15) on the ground of the ill-fated morrow. Hunger gnawed savagely within them. The commissariat was empty—nothing in it for to-morrow, little for to-day. By tens and twenties the men fell out. Battle and a long march as

grace to it their empty stomachs rejected. The country round swarmed with these hungry sons of Appin and the glens. In such circumstances the projected night-march seemed hopeless. But Charles would not hear of its abandonment. At eight o'clock the slender column moved. The Mackintoshes led as guides. The Atholl brigade and the Camerons followed them. It was hard to keep the line in the darkness. Message after message was passed from the rear to check the leading files. Halts were frequent, and at one o'clock in the morning no more than six miles had been traversed. Nairn was still four miles distant, and the dawn approaching. Onward for another hour the column struggled. Again it halted. All agreed that further effort was useless, and as the gray dawn began to break the weary men toiled back to Culloden. No food awaited them. Some threw themselves down to snatch a few hours' rest, others wandered even to Inverness in search of food and drink, and "the said refreshment so lulled [them] asleep, that, designing only to take ane hour's rest or two, they were afterwards surprised and killed in their beds," writes one who heard the distant boom of guns on Drummossie and galloped from Inverness at their summons, with no more than a modest drink of ale to supply his need.

Empty stomachs and a weary night-march were

THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN

an ill-preparation for battle. Many of the clans had not yet come up, Cluny's among them. But Cumberland was approaching, a battle inevitable. Between ten and eleven in the morning (April 16) the wearied regiments were drawn up, somewhat to the rear of the previous day's position. At this critical moment Lord George would have withdrawn behind Nairn water, and, awaiting Cluny and the rest, would have challenged Cumberland with added strength next day. It was too late. Charles was already chafing at the slowness with which the lines were formed: the Atholl brigade, Camerons, Stewarts, Frasers, and Mackintoshes on the right; the Macdonalds (grumbling and superstitious in their unaccustomed position), Macleans, Macleods, and Farquharsons on the left. The Lowland regiments and the cavalry were in the rear, Charles in the centre behind the first line. Six guns were in position, two on the flanks, two in the centre.

Hardly were the lines formed before Cumberland came in sight. His enemy being in view, he halted, broke his columns into two lines of foot flanked with horse, with a strong reserve in the rear, and then advanced. At a third of a mile's distance the horses drawing his guns floundered in the marshy ground. Once across it they opened fire, "making lanes through the Highland regiments." If Cumberland knew the High-

landers, they would not long face that murdering storm. His design was to goad them from their ground, to force them to attack him across the boggy ground, where Wolfe's regiment, for one, stood ankle-deep in water. For an hour the cannonade continued; but the clans stood impassive as the squares at Waterloo. Still the guns persevered, while the Duke shifted Wolfe's regiment to the front, facing north *en potence,* ready to mow down the Highlanders with a flanking fire whenever they should charge. Still the guns crashed death through the passive lines. At last they broke. The Mackintoshes from the centre, the Macleans and Maclachlans on their left, Camerons, Stewarts, and Frasers on their right, hurled themselves in one swarming cloud upon Cumberland's front. Spite of the storm of grape-shot from the guns they broke through the first line. Barrell's and Monro's regiments were pierced and fled, but deploying right and left, exposed Sempill's in their rear, steady and expectant. On the Highlanders charged. Wolfe's raked them on the flank. Sempill's poured in volleys on their front. The battle became a *battue,* the moor a shambles. Maclachlan fell, torn by a cannon-ball. His lieutenant-colonel, Maclean of Drimnin, was killed by a random shot. Of the Mackintoshes' officers three only survived. Lochiel, in the first onset, when close to Barrell's,

had fired his pistol, and with claymore drawn waved on his clan, when a charge of grape-shot brought him down, wounded in both ankles. But the tragedy is incomplete. The impetuous rush of the Mackintoshes had left the clans on the left still standing hesitant. But not for long. The Macdonalds and Farquharsons bore down on the regiments fronting them. Sword in hand they had all but joined issue, when the disaster on their right pulled them up in anxious pause. Brave old Keppoch scorned retreat, and fell to rise no more. Those behind him fell back to where the Lowland line still stood. In numbers they were considerable, "but their hearts were broken." Cumberland's cavalry moved circling upon them. His infantry at length advanced. The day was lost, retreat insistent. The army crumbled away, the clans towards Badenoch, the rest to Inverness, as the dusk settled over the gory battle-field, over the Cause it glorified, but whose end it was.

CHAPTER IV

IN THE HIGHLANDS (1746)

Charles's Plans after Culloden—Edward Burke acts as Guide — Charles's Flight — Meets Lord Lovat — Reaches Borradale—Donald Macleod agrees to pilot Him to the Long Island—The Voyage to Stornoway —Charles's *incognito* revealed—The Stornoway People refuse Help—Charles doubles back to South Uist—Communicates with Lochiel and Murray of Broughton —Charles resolves to enlist Lady Clanranald's Help—In Benbecula—A Squadron in search of Him—Charles sails to Loch Boisdale—Meets Flora Macdonald—Plans an Escape to Skye—Flora secures Passports—Charles's anxious Waiting at Coradale—Flora joins Him at Rossinish—Charles dressed as "Betty Burke" —The Journey to Skye—Flora enlists Lady Margaret Macdonald's Help — Charles at Kingsburgh—The "Rape of the Lock"—Charles bids Flora farewell—Sails from Portree to Raasa—Doubles back to Skye—Macleod conducts Him to Elgol—The Mackinnons convey Him to Mallaig—Macdonald of Borradale gives Shelter—Cumberland sends out Troops to search for Him—Charles breaks the *cordon*, and skulks in Glenmoriston—Returns Southward, and joins Lochiel in Benalder—In Cluny's "Cage"—

Wild Rumours as to his Movements—The French Ships *Prince de Conti* and *L'Heureux* arrive at Lochnanuagh—The Search for Charles—He comes on Board—Departure for France—Lands at Roscoff, near Morlaix.

CHARLES'S conduct after the Battle of Culloden is a debated subject. The truth appears to be, that no arrangements of any kind had been made to meet the chances of defeat. The discouraging circumstances preceding the battle ought to have suggested the wisdom of such a course, but the brief interval between the night-march to Nairn and the battle, the absence of so many of the clans, and the evident want of harmony among the Prince's officers, all contributed to prevent the conclusion of any intelligible scheme. When the battle was clearly lost, the first thought of all, without distinction, was to place as considerable a distance as possible between themselves and Cumberland's pursuing forces. No effort was made to retire in a body, and Charles, if he fled more precipitately than the rest, had greater reason than his followers to dread capture. One indefinite idea seems to have survived the first crash of defeat, that a rally would be made somewhere in the neighbourhood of Fort Augustus. Mr. Lang quotes a letter to Cluny from Alexander Macleod, Charles's aide-de-camp, dated from Gortleg on April 16, a few

hours after the battle: "We are to review to-morrow at Fort Augustus," he writes, bidding Cluny bring his clan thither. Captain Felix O'Neil also declares that a rendezvous at Fort Augustus was contemplated. His testimony Mr. Lang discredits, on the ground that he lied with the purpose of shielding Charles from the charge of having deserted his followers. But there has recently been printed an earlier statement of O'Neil, communicated to people whose prisoner he was, and whom he was under no obligation of loyalty to endeavour to convince as to his master's conduct. Therein he states that, following in the wake of the Prince from Culloden, he received a message from him to follow him to Fort Augustus, where a stand was to be made; that he did so, but found only a few people there, and the Prince already gone on towards the coast. No motive appears for a lie on O'Neil's part in this matter, though his reputation for truth-telling is otherwise far from satisfactory. Nor is it easy to understand why Charles's aide-de-camp, writing under his master's eye, should have directed Cluny to Fort Augustus unless a rendezvous was, as Charles imagined, to be held there. That the whole thing was grievously bungled cannot be gainsaid. The fact strikes Charles's military reputation, but not his personal courage. Lord George Murray knew nothing of the proposed

rally, as he told Cluny. On the other hand, Lord George, who wrote to Charles from Ruthven on April 17, gave no hint that the clans with him were still of a mind to face Cumberland. He had always been their mouthpiece in their communications with Charles, and as he announced his wish to lay down his commission, the Prince, if he received the letter, probably, and with some reason, concluded that Lord George was the spokesman of his constituents. One concludes, therefore, that Charles did expect, in a hazy and ill-defined manner, to bring his followers to a head at or near Fort Augustus; that the project was not officially discussed, and still less sanctioned; that it was communicated to his immediate Irish following, who, however, were concerned rather with his personal safety and their own than with the further prosecution of an enterprise which they regarded as hopelessly lost. On the other hand, ignorant of Charles's intentions, Lord George and the rest had some reason for regarding his hasty flight as his acknowledgment that all was over. Whatever may have been the spirit of those who rallied at Ruthven, and afterwards, on May 8, at Murlaggan, their view of the situation must have been coloured by the, to them, unaccountable defection of their leader. That that defection was due to cowardice, or to a selfish regard for his own safety, Charles's conduct throughout the

rising gives emphatic denial. Indeed, in September, 1746, after weary months of travel, when at length he joined Cluny and Lochiel in the recesses of Benalder, he was still of a mind to summon the clans, and, if Fate willed it, to die sword in hand, a proposal which both Cluny and Lochiel denounced as worthy of Don Quixote.

Amid the rout of his army on April 16 Charles espied one Edward Burke, "a common chairman in Edinburgh," and begged him to be his guide to some place of safety. Burke proudly undertook the responsibility. Crossing Nairn water, Charles, after some discussion, dismissed his escort, and, accompanied by Sir Thomas Sheridan, O'Sullivan, and others, rode southward to Gortleg. Here Lord Lovat offered refreshment, and Charles drank "three glasses of wine" with him. On the fugitives pressed, and the early hours of the 17th found them at Invergarry. The castle frowned empty and inhospitable upon them, but Burke caught a couple of salmon in the loch and cooked a hasty breakfast, "reckoned very savoury and acceptable" by the weary men. At three in the afternoon the flight was resumed, Charles riding in Burke's coat until a better disguise could be had. By two o'clock the next morning (April 18) Charles was at Glenpean, thoroughly worn out, not having slept "for five days and nights." Here he rested well on into the after-

noon. He expected intelligence from his scattered army—Lord George wrote from Ruthven on the 17th—but receiving none, set out on foot "over almost inaccessible mountains," rested a few hours in a shieling, and on the 20th was at Borradale. At length the coast was reached, but Fortune dealt unkindly with him. Had he come to Borradale a fortnight later, the French vessels which bore the quarrel-breeding treasure to Scotland might have taken him and their luckless cargo back to France. As it was, no succour appeared. For a week Charles lurked in Borradale, scanning the horizon for a friendly sail. His brave trappings had been discarded. Burke's coat again covered its owner's back, and "a sute of new Highland cloaths," the gift of Macdonald of Borradale's wife, sat uneasily upon the Prince's limbs.

Succour, however, was at hand, though not from France. On the day following Charles's arrival in Borradale there came thither Donald Macleod, a sturdy, simple-minded hero, one of the most lovable of those whose loyalty sheltered their Prince in these dark days. Donald was a Skye man, Gualtergill his home. He had been sent to Borradale by Macdonald the banker expressly to pilot Charles to the Long Island if necessity arose. Charles was wandering alone in a wood when Donald met him. His first request

was that Donald should bear a message to Macdonald of Sleat and Macleod of Macleod. Donald bluntly refused. "Na, you mauna do't," he counselled, and wondered that "His Excellency" did not know that both men had "played the rogue." Charles offered him a more grateful service, to pilot him to the Long Island, "where I may look for more safety than I can do here," he explained. Donald readily agreed, and at once began to make his preparations. Borradale's son provided a "stout eight-oar'd boat," and the careful Donald procured "a pot for boyling pottage" and "a poor firlot of meal" for the voyage.

All being ready, Charles went on board his boat at Lochnanuagh "in the twilight of the evening" of April 26. Passengers and crew numbered fourteen. They had not proceeded far before a sudden and violent storm broke upon them. Charles importuned Donald to steer for safety. "I had rather face cannons and muskets than be in such a storm as this," he admitted. But Donald would not listen to the proposal. Straining muscles fought the waves, until daybreak found them near Rossinish in Benbecula. Here they landed, and dried their clothes at the fire in an untenanted hut, on whose floor, an old sailcloth for a blanket, Charles slept soundly. There they remained for two days, and killed a cow for

Donald's pot. On the 29th they again put to sea, and, steering northward, landed on Scalpa early on the 30th. Donald had an acquaintance there, one Donald Campbell, to whom he brought the Prince. Charles passed for the moment as "Mr. Sinclair," the name of a shipwrecked merchant. After a day's rest Donald Macleod borrowed a boat from their host and sailed to Stornoway. His instructions were to hire a vessel "under pretence of sailing to the Orkneys." With some difficulty Donald found a vessel to his mind, and sent a message to Charles at Scalpa to tell him so. On May 4 Charles set out for Stornoway with O'Sullivan and O'Neil. They went on foot, a weary tramp of nearly forty miles owing to a mistake of their guide. Morning (May 5) found them on a moor near Stornoway, "all wet to the skin," hungry and thirsty to boot. Presently Donald joined them with welcome supplies—a bottle of brandy and some bread and cheese. After their meal he led them to Mrs. Mackenzie's house at Kildun, there to remain until all was ready for the voyage. Charles was obliged to throw off his shirt, "which one of the company did wring upon the hearth-stone, and did spread it upon a chair before the fire to have it dried." Leaving the three men steaming before the blaze, Donald trudged back to Stornoway. He found the village in a hubbub of excitement, and its

population under arms. "Mr. Sinclair's" *incognito* was revealed. From South Uist John Macaulay, a Presbyterian preacher, and Lord Macaulay's grandfather, had sent news of the fugitive to his father in the Harris, and he again had passed it on to the Lewis. The story grew as it travelled. Five hundred men were said to be with Charles. Donald endeavoured to smother the fiction. The Prince was on the island, he admitted, but with only two companions, "and when I am there I make the third," he added. "And yet let me tell you farther, gentlemen," he went on, "if Seaforth himself were here, by G—— he durst not put a hand to the Prince's breast." But Seaforth's tenants were not to be reasoned with. They knew what to expect from Cumberland's soldiery if Charles remained among them. They would not even furnish him with a pilot. Back to Kildun Donald went with his bad news. Everything counselled an immediate flight. But Charles was "quite undone" by his long tramp, and bluntly refused to stir until he had had some rest. Next morning (May 6) they started. Donald had his boat ready, and in her they sailed to Euirn, or Iubhard, an islet in Loch Shiel, some twelve miles south of Stornoway. The fishing-boats of the Lewis were wont to ply round it, but it was uninhabited. The fugitives found a "low, pityful hut" upon it.

Its roof had long since tumbled in, but the boat's sail served to keep out the weather. Here they remained four days. Brandy and sugar they had brought with them, and a derelict pitcher brewed them warm punch, until an accident broke it. "Good dry fish" was found in plenty on the rocks, and heather and turf made a cheerful fire. On the 10th they put to sea. Charles had a mind to see Donald Campbell, his host at Scalpa, and thither they steered. But Campbell was not at home. A rumour of his having entertained the Prince had got abroad, and he had "gone a skulking for fear of being laid up." Again the travellers put to sea—Campbell's boat carried them still—and coasted southward. Twice they were alarmed at the sight of ships, once at Finsbay, and again at Loch Maddy in North Uist. All night they toiled. Their stock of provisions ran low, and meal mixed with salt water furnished a meagre breakfast. But Charles's constitution was still young and unimpaired. "Never any meat or drink came wrong to him," the admiring Donald records, and he "was always chearful and contented in every condition." Later in the day (May 11) they landed at Loch Uskavagh in Benbecula. A "poor grasskeeper's bothy or hut" gave them shelter for three days. Its doorway was low, and Charles, like his ill-fated ancestor Darnley, was a "lang lad." So his companions

"digged below the door and put heather below the Prince's knees, to let him go easier into the poor hut" on all fours. Their larder was soon replenished, for Charles was a good sportsman, and game and fish were plentiful. On the 14th they moved on again, and beached their boat at the foot of Coradale in South Uist, where a forester's hut, "better than ordinary," gave them shelter.

Nearly a month had passed since Charles rode headlong from his defeat at Culloden. In the interval he had been perpetually moving. Of his followers and their fate he had heard little. So soon as he had taken up his quarters in Coradale, he despatched the faithful Donald to the mainland for news and money, for his *purse* ran low. Donald found Lochiel and Murray of Broughton near Loch Arkaig and its buried gold. But he got none of it for his master. Murray—who had appropriated about £5,000 of it—roundly declared that he had no more than sixty *louis d'or;* an insignificant sum not worth sending, he told Donald. Donald managed to find a couple of guineas to expend on brandy, two ankers of it, twenty gallons! He took it back with him to Coradale, where it arrived opportunely, for Charles was not without visitors. Boisdale, who months before had prophesied disaster, and other Macdonalds came to him. There was a good deal of

heavy drinking, but Charles "stood it out better than any one of them." Lady Clanranald had already replenished the scanty wardrobe he had got in Borradale. Tartan coat, vest, hose and brogues, all plentifully covered with soot from the peat fire, adorned him as he held his clandestine Court. But even in that remote corner he was not safe. Hugh Macdonald of Balshair, seemingly on June 3, brought the news that the Macleods were in full cry after him. Campbell of Mamore and a squadron were also searching for him among the islands. The situation was critical, and Charles resolved to enlist the help of Lady Clanranald. On June 6 he again took to Campbell's boat, and, steering northward, landed on Wiay. He remained there until the 10th, when with O'Neil he proceeded to Rossinish, near Nunton, Lady Clanranald's house. The circle of foes was narrowing upon him, and Benbecula was not safe. On the 12th, under cover of night, Donald and O'Sullivan fetched Charles from Rossinish and made for their old haunt in Coradale. Bad weather brought them up within three miles of it, and Charles and his dripping company found scanty shelter at nightfall (June 13) in a cleft of a rock on the shore. Next day they groped their way cautiously southward towards Loch Boisdale. But the sea bore too many suspicious craft, and they dared go no further than Kyle Stuley. Next

day (June 15) they made the loch, but only in the nick of time. Two vessels, which for one delirious moment Donald declared to be French, appeared at the mouth of it. For the next few days Charles skulked in the heather. Not even there was he safe; the redcoats were within two miles of him. In South Uist clearly the scent was too keen. Charles's one chance was to double on the pack pursuing him. By sea that was impossible; the venture must be by land. So on June 21 Charles took a sorrowful farewell of sturdy old Donald. Campbell's boat, too, had done its work. Donald left it sunk beneath the waters of the loch as he sadly set his face southward, and, as it befell him, to captivity. The day that parted him from Charles brought Charles to Flora Macdonald.

Flora Macdonald had lately come from Skye to visit her brother at Milton, on the western coast of South Uist. That Charles was on the island she already knew, for O'Neil had met her, probably during the long seclusion in Coradale. O'Neil must tell his own story: He and the Prince at nightfall on June 21 cautiously made their way from Loch Boisdale, for Captain Carolina Scott was known to be in the neighbourhood. Flora's stepfather, Hugh Macdonald of Armadale, was an officer of the Skye militia then scouring South Uist. Flora had crept out from Milton,

FLORA MACDONALD

one may conjecture, to give O'Neil timely notice of their movements. At midnight O'Neil met her, while Charles remained at some distance. O'Neil asked if the militia were to pass there that day. She told him no, but the day after. "Then I told her," O'Neil continues, "I brought a friend to see her, and she, with some emotion, asked me if it was the Prince. I answered her it was, and instantly brought him in." So the two met whom romance so closely links in innocent and loyal comradeship. But no glamour of romance covered that council of three. The moment was instinct with the need for action prompt and decisive. O'Neil bluntly formulated his plan, that Flora should somehow convey the Prince to her mother's home in Skye. The scheme was hazardous, but Flora thought rather of the suspicion which would fall upon her chief, Sir Alexander Macdonald, then attending Cumberland. O'Neil persisted, and dwelt upon "the honour and immortality that would redound to her." Charles also assured her of his undying gratitude, and at length the brave girl consented. They parted in the early morning, she to Nunton (Clanranald's home) to make preparations, Charles and O'Neil to their old haunt in Coradale.

In what imminent danger her Prince stood was apparent to Flora from an incident on her way to Nunton. She and her attendant, Neil Maceachain,

had not proceeded far when they were challenged by a party of militia, and, having no passport, were detained in custody. By good fortune her stepfather was captain of the company, and when he arrived next day (June 22) she told him the dangerous scheme to which she had committed herself. Details of it had no doubt been discussed already near Milton: Charles was to go under the disguise of "Betty Burke"—in one of his narratives O'Neil seems to suggest that it was Charles's own idea—and Betty, "a good spinster," was to accompany Flora to Armadale, where Mrs. Macdonald had "much lint to spin." The scheme was a bold one, but plausible. Passports, however, were needed, and Flora begged her stepfather to grant them. He complied readily, for at heart he was a Jacobite, and set her at liberty. So with passports for herself, Betty Burke, and Neil Maceachain, and a letter from Captain Macdonald to his wife recommending the virtues of that paragon among spinsters Betty Burke, Flora continued her journey to Nunton.

Meanwhile, Charles and O'Neil had reached the shelter of Coradale. On the 22nd they received a message from Flora that all was well. Neil no doubt was the bearer, and he would report the good news of the passports. But the hours passed, and no signal came from Flora. Charles became irritable and anxious, as Neil has

left on record. O'Neil even declares that he had made up his mind to surrender. That his buoyant nature should have bowed before a position seemingly hopeless may be forgiven him. Action was the blood of him, suspense a weariness. For a moment the scheme agreed upon was in danger of breaking down entirely. An alternative—that Hugh Macdonald of Balshair should pilot the Prince northward—was proposed from Nunton and abandoned. Betty Burke perforce donned her petticoats. On the 23rd Neil managed to transport Charles and O'Neil to Wiay. Next day found them on Benbecula scouting cautiously towards Rossinish, the rendezvous. They reached it at midnight. Three more days of heart-eating anxiety passed slowly. At length all was ready, and on the 27th Flora, Lady Clanranald, and a Mrs. Macdonald, escorted by O'Neil, proceeded to Rossinish. They found Charles, the prey of myriad midges, in a tiny hut cooking his dinner, "the heart, liver, kidneys, etc., of a bullock or sheep," upon a wooden spit. The fare was not regal, but with Flora on his right hand and Lady Clanranald on his left, "all dined very heartily." Dinner ended, there was some "jocose drollery" regarding Betty Burke and her clothing. Lady Clanranald begged Charles to try on his unaccustomed gear, and, "with some tears for the occasion," dressed him in his new habit, a coarse

calico gown, quilted petticoats of light colour, a dun-coloured woollen cloak, with a hood made (Irish fashion) to cover the "lang, odd hussie's" boyish face and bristly chin. A note of warning broke up the feast. Captain John Fergusson and an advanced section of Campbell's men were already at Nunton. The party scattered, Lady Clanranald to Nunton to explain her absence, the rest to Loch Uskavagh. Fresh alarm disturbed them there. "Very wet and wearied," they had made a fire upon a rock to warm them until nightfall. But the blaze was observed, and soon four armed wherries were making for the shore. Extinguishing the fire, Charles and his party made for the heather, and lay concealed there until the evening. By eight o'clock (June 28) the coast was clear, and the moment of departure at hand. O'Neil begged to be allowed to accompany his master. Flora refused. She had no pass for him, and objected that he knew no Gaelic, and had a "foreign air" likely to compromise them. Sadly he saw them depart, for Flora, one gathers, took some of his heart with her. He was made prisoner soon after, and so remained until February, 1747.

It was a clear summer evening when Charles set sail from Loch Uskavagh "over the sea to Skye." But the fair promise was not fulfilled. About a league from shore the sea became rough

and the wind blew half a gale. With Benbecula and its dangers behind him, Charles "seemed to be in good spirits," and watched over the sleeping Flora while he sang songs to hearten his crew. With the morning the sea grew calm, and the Point of Vaternish rose before them. Their ubiquitous enemy was awaiting them. Three boats lay moored near the shore. A shot whistled over them, a summons to bring-to. Bending to their oars the boatmen drove their boat into a friendly creek. There they rested and breakfasted, and, no pursuer being in sight, brought their charge in safety to Kilbride. The first stage of the adventure was over, but other help was needed for its accomplishment. Not far northward of Kilbride lay Monkstat, or Mugstot, Lady Margaret Macdonald's home. Thither Flora went with Neil, leaving Charles upon the shore. Her arrival was sadly ill-timed. The militia were not far distant, and their commander, Lieutenant Macleod, was in the house. Leaving Flora to hold him in conversation, Lady Margaret left the room. Her husband was with Cumberland, somewhat under suspicion already, and Cumberland's elusive quarry was on the threshold of her house. The situation was unnerving. By good fortune her husband's factor, Macdonald of Kingsburgh, happened to be with her. Captain Donald Roy Macdonald also came

at a hasty summons. Walking to and fro in the garden, under the eye of the unsuspecting lieutenant, they concocted their plan. Charles must be smuggled to Raasa. Kingsburgh undertook to see him to Portree, and Donald Roy went off to find young Macleod of Raasa and to procure a boat. That arranged, Lady Margaret returned to her visitors. The comedy was not yet played out. She pressed Flora to stay with her, she had so often promised herself, and so forth. Flora, ignorant of the garden-plot, declined; the "troublesome times" called her to her mother at Armadale, and she must travel thither without delay. So after dinner she went, and with her Neil, Mrs. John Macdonald of Kirkibost, and her maid, an embarrassing addition to the party. Meanwhile Charles had been told of the new plan for his safety. Kingsburgh had sent a message by Neil, bidding him conduct the Prince to a hill on the road at the back of Monkstat. Kingsburgh joined him there later and brought refreshment, a little wine and a few biscuits. An hour before sunset they started, taking the road towards Kingsburgh's house. Flora and her companions came up soon after. Stalking along the road Betty Burke presented a strange figure. Mrs. Macdonald's maid observed her with some contempt. Never had she seen, she declared, such an "impudent-looked woman"!

And how awkwardly she managed her skirts! Flora was in an agony of fear, and hastily drew her companion and her inquisitive maid to the front. Soon they left her, and trudging on through the rain and darkness midnight brought the fugitives to the shelter of Kingsburgh's home.

Mrs. Macdonald was already in her *robe de nuit*, when a message from Kingsburgh told her that "Milton's daughter" was her guest. "Give my service to her," she answered from her room, "and tell her to make free with anything in the house; for I am very sleepy, and cannot see her this night." Soon her daughter, wide-eyed and wondering, burst in upon her. "Mother," she panted, "father has brought in a very odd, muckle, ill-shaken-up wife as ever I saw! I never saw the like of her, and he has gone into the hall with her." On the heels of his daughter came Kingsburgh himself, clamouring for supper. "Pray, goodman," said his wife, "what company is this you have brought with you?" "That you shall know in good time," answered Kingsburgh, "only make haste and get some supper." Mrs. Macdonald, suspicious but compliant, sent her daughter to the hall for her keys. But "the muckle woman" was striding up and down the hall in a manner terrifying to behold. The girl saw her and fled. Presently Mrs. Macdonald appeared. As she told Bishop Forbes in after-

days, "I saw such an odd muckle trallup of a carlin making lang wide steps through the hall, that I could not like her appearance at all." "What a lang, odd hussie is this?" she whispered to Kingsburgh aside. He would not satisfy her curiosity, and demanded supper. Charles, in fact, betrayed himself. As she returned to the hall from her larder he came forward and saluted his hostess with a bristly kiss. At once she divined half the mystery; "the lang hussie" was a man in disguise. "My dear," said Kingsburgh, "it is the Prince." Fear for her goodman and their home, and anxiety over the meagreness of her larder, tore her equally. Kingsburgh reassured her on both counts. But she refused to sit down with royalty. "I know not how to behave before majesty," she objected. Again Kingsburgh reassured her, and at length, the comic prelude over, all fell-to to supper. No need had Mrs. Macdonald to apologize for her fare. Betty Burke ate heartily. Roasted eggs, collops, bread-and-butter, and a comprehensive "etc.," lingered in Mrs. Macdonald's memory as the successive courses of that memorable repast. As to drink, "the deel a drap did he want in's weam of twa bottles of sma' beer," she recalled. "God do him good o't," she added piously, "for well I wat he had my blessing to gae down wi't." After supper Charles called for brandy, and pledged his host

and hostess. Then he asked for tobacco, taking a broken pipe from his pouch. Kingsburgh found a clean pipe and tobacco to fill it. The hour was towards daylight when they went to bed.

A hearty supper and the luxury of clean sheets kept Charles a-bed till late on the morrow (June 30). A knocking at his door awoke him. Mrs. Macdonald was without, and Flora, somewhat shrinking, was with her. Mrs. Macdonald had come begging for a lock of Charles's hair. He bade them come in, and Flora, sitting by the bedside, his arm about her waist and his head upon her lap, cut the lock and treasured the half of it for herself.

Meanwhile at Portree Roy Macdonald had been making arrangements for the voyage to Raasa. The day was far advanced when Charles and his party marched thither. He left Kingsburgh's house in his female gear, but with the resolution to abandon it at the first opportunity. The disguise, in fact, rather drew attention to its wearer than screened him from it; for, as Kingsburgh remarked, Charles's feminine airs were "all so manlike." In a wood, not far from Kingsburgh, Betty Burke shed her "bucklings." At Portree Roy Macdonald, Young Raasa, and Captain Malcolm Macleod were waiting for the Prince at the inn He was wet to the skin when he arrived,

"having on a plaid without breeches, trews, or even philibeg." Roy Macdonald offered his kilt, and all importuned him to put on a dry shirt. With some difficulty he was persuaded to do so, for Flora was in the room. Then he "fell heartily to the meat," and after his meal called for tobacco, a quarter of a pound at fourpence halfpenny, and smoked a pipe before his departure. The moment of farewell had come. Charles bade good-bye to Kingsburgh and Neil Maceachain. Then turning to Flora he said: "For all that has happened, I hope, Madam, we shall meet in St. James's yet." So he and his new guardians made their way to the boat. At his belt on one side he carried a bottle of Portree whisky, on the other, a bottle of Kingsburgh's brandy and four shirts. In a napkin he took with him a "cold hen," also from Kingsburgh's larder. In his pocket was a lump of sugar. On his way to the boat he took the sugar from his pocket and gave it to Roy Macdonald for Flora, "for I am afraid," he said, "she will get no sugar where she is going"—"Our Lady," he called her. Roy handed the sugar to Malcolm Macleod, for the Prince's need was likely to be greater than Flora's, though he was to win through to freedom and she to captivity. His last thought was of Flora. "Tell nobody, no, not our lady, which way I am gone," he directed Roy Macdonald. At the dawning of the day (July 1) he sailed from Skye.

A short sail brought them to Glam in Raasa, where a "mean, low hut" offered them shelter. Charles was dissatisfied with his new quarters; the island was too narrow and confined. So the next evening (July 2) he doubled back to Skye, and hid in a cow-byre near Scorobreck. There he slept fitfully, starting in his sleep, and peering in the faces of his companions "as if he had been to fight them." His journeyings and hair-breadth escapes had begun to tell upon him. He was suffering from dysentery when he left Uist, says O'Neil. He bled violently at the nose when he bade farewell to Kingsburgh at Portree, and made light of it with a pretty compliment. His pluck was extraordinary. Next evening (July 3) he started off on foot with Malcolm Macleod as his companion. Malcolm's sister had married a Mackinnon, and lived at Elgol in the south of the island. Malcolm proposed to take him there, passing him off as his servant, one Lewie Caw, "a young surgeon-lad," then skulking in Skye. As they marched along Charles's spirits revived. He was still wearing Roy Macdonald's kilt. Months before, on board the frigate in Lochnanuagh, he had inquired curiously about that strange article of dress. "I find I do as well with it," he now told Malcolm, "as any the best breeches I ever put on. I hope in God, MacLeod, to walk the streets of London with it yet." The

frowning hills and solitudes of Skye impressed him. Even the Devil, he told his companion, could not find them there. None the less, approaching the Mackinnon country, some added disguise was deemed necessary. Charles proposed to smear and darken his face, but Malcolm objected. Then he tied a napkin round his head and set his bonnet a-top of it. Still Malcolm insisted that all who had seen him once would recognise him. Said Charles: "This is an odd, remarkable face I have got, that nothing can disguise it." He would not take off the napkin, however, and doffed his bonnet with a low bow when at length (July 4) they entered the house at Elgol. He played his servant's part with zest, sat apart, and refused to eat in his master's presence, and with difficulty was induced to rest. Presently John Mackinnon came home. Malcolm told him who his visitor was, but insisted on secrecy. Mackinnon promised, but emotion conquered him. Entering his house, "he could not hold his eyes from staring upon Lewie, and very soon he was forced to turn his face away from the Prince and to weep." While Charles remained within doors, dandling and crooning over Mackinnon's young child, John set off to look for a boat. On his way he met the old laird. In spite of his promise, he told his secret. Old Mackinnon loyally threw himself into the scheme, engaged to find a boat, and soon after

came to the house to say that one was ready. So, leaving Malcolm Macleod behind, Charles, John Mackinnon, and the old laird set sail from Skye at nightfall, and early next morning (July 5) made land near Mallaig, on the south side of Loch Nevis. Once more, after nearly three months' absence, Charles was on the mainland. Nearly three more were to elapse before he left it for ever.

Since Charles had left the mainland in April the vengeance of Cumberland had fallen like a blight upon the Highlands. On May 24 he had established himself at Fort Augustus. The glens had been raided, their houses burnt, the cattle driven off. If Charles needed the lesson, his last weeks in Scotland must have brought vividly before him the sinister side of loyalty. At Mallaig he remained with no roof to cover him. On July 8 Old Mackinnon set out to look for a sheltering cave, while Charles ventured in the boat, coasting up Loch Nevis. They barely escaped a patrol, and, when the danger was passed, crossed the loch to an islet near Macdonell of Scotus's house. Old Clanranald was there, but too broken to give help. Returning to Mallaig, Old Mackinnon rejoined them, and Charles and his escort went on foot to Morar's house. At daybreak (July 9) they reached it, but found it in ashes, and Morar himself and his

family lurking in a hut. Here they got shelter and food, "cold salmon warmed again, but no bread," and after a long rest Charles and John Mackinnon went on towards Borradale. In the early hours of July 10 they reached Angus Macdonald's house. Nearly a year before it had offered Charles his first hospitality on the mainland. It was now in ashes, and Angus Macdonald was asleep in a hut hard by. John Mackinnon entered it abruptly and announced the Prince. "I am glad," answered Angus, "and shall not fail to take care of him." Thus the Macdonalds resumed their charge.

Charles's return to the mainland was speedily known at Fort Augustus, for both Mackinnons after leaving him were made prisoners. Cumberland was on the point of leaving Scotland, and Fortune seemed to have thrown at his feet the chance of crowning his victory by the capture of his rival. On July 13 he despatched a strong force to search the district in which Charles was known to be. On the 25th they returned to Fort Augustus, a week after Cumberland had left for England, fatigued and "almost naked" after their futile hunt. It had, in fact, only failed by a hair's breadth. News of the Mackinnons' capture had reached Charles in Borradale on the 13th. He at once moved some miles eastward, to a sheltering cave, and awaited Alexander Macdonald of Glenala-

dale, whom he had summoned. On the 17th he doubled back to Morar, only to find that a *cordon* of troops surrounded him on land, and that Campbell of Mamore's squadron was anchored in Loch Nevis.

Within the restricted area left to him, Charles, in imminent danger, shifted from place to place. On the 20th he was at the head of Loch Quoich. Early the next morning he broke through the circle of sentries surrounding him, and, making his way through Glenshiel and Strathclunie, reached the timely shelter of Coiraghoth, a notable cave in the Braes of Glenmoriston, on the 24th. In that "romantic habitation," lulled by "the sweet murmurs of the finest stream that could be," Charles rested until the 28th. He had effectually thrown the hounds off the scent. Albemarle, who had succeeded Cumberland, was entirely at a loss to know where the fugitive was. At one moment he conjectured that Charles had returned to the Long Island, and the next was positive that he was near Loch Broom. Charles's face, in fact, was set towards Poolewe, where, so he had learnt, a French vessel had arrived. A French brigantine, the *Bien Trouvée*, had, indeed, been cruising about the western coast, and had landed five officers to look for the Prince, among them a M. Dudepet and the Chevalier de Nangis. Both of them were made prisoners, however, and

their vessel had become the prize of H.M.S. *Glasgow*. Ignorant of the fate of his would-be rescuers, Charles set out from Glenmoriston on August 1, and on the 5th was as far northward as Glencannich. Discouraging news met him there. The only French ship that had arrived was reported to have sailed off again after landing some officers, two of whom were said to be making their way to Lochiel's country in search of him. He resolved to meet them, and on August 8 began to retrace his steps southward, while Albemarle's troops were vainly searching Glen Dessary in his rear. By the 16th he was lurking in a wood at the foot of Loch Arkaig, and summoned Lochiel, then in Benalder, to join him. Lochiel, however, was still unable to walk, but sent his brother, Dr. Archibald, and Lochgarry. On the 21st they removed near to Achnacary, Lochiel's ruined home, and, after moving hither and thither, set off, on the 28th, to join Lochiel in Benalder. On the 30th they arrived at his hiding-place. Lochiel, in spite of his lameness, came out to meet the Prince, and would have knelt to him, but Charles prevented him. "Oh no, my dear Lochiel," he said, his hand on the other's shoulder, "you don't know who may be looking at us from the tops of yonder hills." After Charles's recent hardships, Lochiel's habitation was restful and its larder well stocked: plenty of

mutton, an anker of whisky, beef sausages, butter and cheese, and a large ham. "Now, gentlemen, I live like a Prince," said Charles as he ate his "minch'd collops." On September 1 Cluny arrived. He had not seen Charles since before the fatal April 16. "I'm sorry, Cluny," said the Prince as he greeted him, "you and your regiment were not at Culloden. I did not hear till of very late that you was so near to have come up with us that day." The reminiscence, perhaps, quickened the hope that Culloden might yet be avenged. To Dr. Archibald and Lochgarry at Achnacary he had proposed to assemble all who would follow him, and "to procure their peace or die sword in hand." The proposal was now mooted to Lochiel and Cluny. Both rejected it as a "Don Quixote Scheme," and told Charles bluntly that not a single man would rise. They advised him to remain quiet, and to await the chance of a ship's arrival to carry him from the country. That, indeed, was his surest hope, and its fulfilment was not far distant. On September 2 Charles and his party moved their quarters to a spot two miles further into Benalder, and on the 5th proceeded another two miles, to "a very romantic, comical habitation" prepared by Cluny. Cluny's "Cage" was on the slope of Litir-na-lic; boulders, crevices and brushwood around it. Inside it there was room for six or seven persons.

Here they lived comfortably, "frequently employed in playing at cards," until the great news came.

Meanwhile the wildest rumours of Charles's movements reached Albemarle and the authorities. He was as elusive as De Wet in another campaign. Now he was reported to have been seen by the militia in the Long Island. Again he was declared to have sailed in a French cutter from Kintail. A letter from Dunkirk even chronicled his arrival at Blankenberg. In another he was said to be in Mull, hidden underground in "a sort of Cave." Yet again he was declared to have taken ship from the Moray Firth, leaving behind him a double to personate him and to baffle his pursuers. Meanwhile the "Cage" held its secret. Day followed day in watchful suspense, until on September 13, in the small hours of the morning, Alexander Macpherson brought the good news that French ships were in Lochnanuagh.

The two vessels, the *Prince de Conti* and *L'Heureux*, had been already a week in Scottish waters when Charles heard of their arrival. They had been fitted out at St. Malo, under Prince Henry's direction, expressly to search for his brother, and their orders were, not to leave Scotland until they had succeeded, unless they were driven off by superior force. On September 5 they had appeared at Loch Boisdale, where they

seized some of the islanders. Next day they came to an anchor in Lochnanuagh. Parties were at once sent out to search for the Prince. Captain O'Brien and young Sheridan set out to Glenaladale, but heard nothing. Glenaladale himself, who had been with Charles in Loch Arkaig a month before, proceeded thither, and learnt that Charles had last been heard of in Badenoch. Alexander Cameron, the son of Clunes, carried on the search in that direction, but so entirely had the Prince's scent been obliterated, that he gathered that Charles had left Badenoch and had gone southward. So far the result was discouraging, and one who dined on board the *Prince de Conti* on the 12th found his hosts "all in great pain for fear of being disappointed" in their quest. Meanwhile other fugitives sought the shelter of the ships, Young Clanranald, Glenaladale, and Barrisdale among them. Still Charles came not, and as a second week ran its course the hope of rescuing him grew fainter. But on the 19th, about six in the evening, while the officers were at dinner on *L'Heureux*, the almost unhoped-for news was sent over the water, that Charles himself was in the other vessel. Colonel Warren, in supreme command of the expedition, and the captain got up in great haste, donned their best clothes, and rowed to the *Prince de Conti* to pay their respects. Soon they returned, bringing

Charles with them to the larger vessel. He had time to scribble a note to Cluny, "Thanks to God I am arrived safe abord ye vessell, which is a verry Clever one," and between two and three in the morning (September 20), with a fresh northerly breeze behind him, he sailed for France. Nine days later (September 29) he landed at Roscoff, near Morlaix.

So the Great Adventure was ended. Its youthful leader left behind him a ruined Cause, a fragrant and undying memory. For in the hearts of the Highlanders his later years of disappointment and moral degradation had no record. To them he was and is always the boyish-faced, brown-eyed, "bonnie" Prince, simple, winning, and gracious.

"L'Écosse ne peut pas te juger : elle t'aime !"

Few men have been given more devoted love. Few men, did the curtain fall here, have more happily inspired it.

CHAPTER V

INTRIGUE (1746—1766)

The Tragedy of Charles's Career—His Moral Collapse—Effect of the '45 upon his Hopes and Policy—Charles announces his Return to Henry—Desires an Interview with Louis—At Versailles—France will not aid Him—His Strange Methods of Diplomacy—Marriage Projects—Charles at Madrid, 1747—Henry secretly leaves Paris, and is created Cardinal—James endeavours to reconcile Charles to the Event—Charles's Indignation—The Princesse de Talmond—The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748—Charles invited to leave France—Behaves with Bravado—His Arrest—Confined at Vincennes—Retires to Avignon—Offers himself in Marriage to a Daughter of Hesse Darmstadt—Ordered to leave Avignon, 1749—His Perplexing Movements—In Lorraine—Ventures to visit Paris—At Strassburg—Invites the Earl Marischal to meet Him at Venice—Ordered to leave Venice—Back to Paris—His Hiding-place in the Convent of St. Joseph—Mademoiselle Ferrand and Madame de Vassé—His *Liaison* with Madame de Talmond—Is reading Fielding's Novels—Visits London, 1750—Becomes a Protestant—His Defence of that Step—Quarrels with Madame de Talmond—Is lost sight

of—His "Two Heroines"—He again approaches the Earl Marischal, 1751—Takes a House at Ghent, 1752—Clementina Walkinshaw joins Him—Henry Goring remonstrates—The Elibank Plot—Divulged by "Pickle"—Archibald Cameron's Death, 1753—Charles "a Sedentary Man"—Rambling about Flanders—In Paris—Birth of Charlotte, Duchess of Albany—Charles and Clementina—Breaks with Goring and the Earl Marischal, 1754—Charles takes his Family to Switzerland—His Disguises—Breaks up his Household at Basel, 1755—In sore Need of Money—Hopes to be employed by France, 1756—Defeat of Conflans, 1759—Clementina leaves Charles, 1760—The "Nasty Bottle"—Death of James III., 1766—Charles returns to Rome—The Vatican refuses to recognize Him—His evil Habits continued.

De vivre et pas vivre est beaucoup pis que de mourir. The aphorism is scribbled among other notes by Charles in the Stuart papers at Windsor. The words might read as his epitaph, his own label upon his useless life. They are more than a commentary. In some degree they are an *apologia.* The later Charles is not more different from the earlier than Hyde from Jekyll, but the transformation is not due merely to the development of vices inherent and masterful. Women and the bottle played havoc with him, but he courted them *faut de mieux.* Given his real *métier,* Venus and Bacchus would have had but moderate worship from him. At Holyrood,

and in action, he was cold and aloof from the fair. Dram-drinking in the Highlands by no means inevitably bred the wine-fuddled sot. He was of the class of men blessed with a career, clear and unmistakable, yet doubly cursed in the inability to fulfil it. That, in fact, was his tragedy. For a few brief months he had tasted life as he interpreted it—activity, leadership, the championship of his House and the Cause it blazoned. He had tilted in the ring, and Fate put him for ever outside the lists. He girded at Destiny, a Samson grinding a corn-mill. Pitt declared that no one could save England but himself. Walpole had no doubt that had he not been Prime Minister he would have been Archbishop of Canterbury. Charles's assurance and masterful self-reliance matched theirs. His recent exploit had taught him much, his own powers above all. He had learnt to lead. He had drunk deep of the subtlest flattery, the willing homage of brave men. Loyalty had been to him a tradition; he knew it now as a fact. Grown men had wept at the sight of him. Women had staked their all for him. He had outshone Montrose. Hamilton and Mackintosh had marched to Preston and defeat, he to Derby and back again unconquered. Dapper George had all but fled at the approach of him. London was almost in his grip. Yet eight men and a cargo of contraband had raised

that coil. What might not be done with France behind him? That was his hope. Whatever his conduct after Culloden, he left Scotland with the intention to return. He clamoured passionately to Louis and his Ministers to grant him the means, until the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle sent him forth a disappointed outcast. That was the death of him morally. Nature had framed him for another Rupert. Charles XII. was his hero. Fate made him a loafer, and he sank incontinent to the lower plane. He became *tête de fer*, an *homme sauvage*, as he described himself. Activity denied him, he peddled in the methods of opera-bouffe, flitted hither and thither, having no "right nest" of his own, the Don Mysterioso of a wondering Europe. The bottle offered its insidious comfort. He took it, and sank yet lower. His judgment, tact, and graciousness left him. He became his own worst enemy, the man with a grievance. He quarrelled with his most faithful friends and drove them from him, and so sank lonely to embittered old age, with no trace of his once sanguine self remaining. It is one of the saddest pictures in all history.

Since Charles left Rome in 1744 his father had had but scanty news of him. Rumours had trickled through misleading channels, and as the months passed, the old man, broken and spiritless, roamed through his lonely palace mourning his first-born. The future held sorer trials for him,

for the Prince of 1746 was no longer the lad of 1744. The palace intrigues of a king *in partibus* had given Charles little insight within the real conditions of the keen game he and his had to play. Rome was his home, and he had known no other. He left Scotland enlightened. He had seen his party in action, and out of his experience had learnt a fundamental fact, that the patronage of the Holy See was his enemy's best asset. He came back resolved to play his own hand, to choose his own cards. Rome should have no seat at his table. In his blundering but dogged way he kept to his resolution, neglected his father, turned his back on the Pope, quarrelled bitterly with his Cardinal brother, and, when it was too late to be effective, deserted the Church which had protected him. His idea was sound, but the working-out of it deepened the tragedy of his career.

The family rift had already begun to appear before Charles's return from Scotland. His brother, Prince Henry, who had followed Charles to France, and, like him, had chafed at the discrepancy between Louis's promises and performance, was already receiving from his father consolation and advice regarding Charles's attitude towards him. As Mr. Lang remarks, it is not easy to see whence their differences arose. Henry had not failed to do his best to spur on

Louis to some decisive effort, and none knew better than Charles the difficulties of such an endeavour. On the other hand, Charles's newly enlightened self possibly already regarded Henry as one of the "old gang," and in such correspondence as he had with his brother during his campaign in Britain may unconsciously have revealed his new self and its disturbing possibilities. Be that as it may, Charles at once, upon his arrival at Morlaix, affectionately greeted his brother. "As I am certain of your great concern for me," he wrote (October 10, N.S., 1746), "I cannot express the joy I have (on your account) of my safe arrivall in this country." He enclosed "to lines" for his father, "just to shew him I am alive and safe." He excused himself for not writing to Louis, "being so much fatigued, and hoping soon to have ye pleasure of seeing him." Henry was to consult John Graeme and Sir Thomas Sheridan, who had returned from Scotland in May, on that matter without delay; for, Charles added, "It is an absolute necessity I must see ye F. K. as soon as possible, for to bring things to a write head." His spelling is as original as Pickle's, but the bent of his mind is obvious. He had not come to stay, but to return. His hope was in Louis and France. He had shown them the way. Surely they could not be so blind to their own interests as to neglect it. Warren

took the letter to Paris, and a few days later the brothers met. Charles, so Henry wrote to their father, was not a bit altered, "except grown somewhat broader and fatter, which is incomprehensible after all the fatigues he has endured." "He looks as well," John Graeme reported, "as when I had the honour to see him more than two years ago." James heard and rejoiced. "He is much less melancholy than before," Mann informed his Government.

Charles meanwhile was thoroughly enjoying himself at Paris. Little more than a month before he had been lurking in Benalder. The change to civilization was pleasant. He was seen at the Opera and heartily acclaimed. Two lines declaimed there on one occasion were remarked by one who was with him :

> "Pour fonder un empire il faut bien des vertus,
> Mais pour le renverser il en faut encore plus !"

The lines hit hard at the unwitting Charles. The brothers feasted at Fontainebleau, and Charles visited Louis at Versailles privately, and later in state. He was then dressed with "uncommon elegance. His coat was rose-coloured velvet, embroidered with silver and lined with silver tissue ; his waistcoat was a rich gold brocade, with a spangled fringe set on in scollops. The cockade in his hat and the buckles of his shoes were

diamonds; the George which he wore at his bosom, and the order of St. Andrew which he wore also, tied by a piece of green ribbon to one of the buttons of his waistcoat, were prodigiously illustrated with large brilliants; in short, he glittered all over like the star which they tell you appeared at his nativity." The public visit to Versailles heartened the Jacobites considerably. "The Pretender's people and partisans are grown extremely insolent upon it," Mann reported from Florence. According to one statement, Louis had vaguely expressed to Charles his hope "qu'un de ces jours vous recevrez la recompense d'un merite si extraordinaire." If it rested with Louis, the day of recompense was not likely to dawn before the millennium.

Charles did not long remain in doubt as to the hollowness of Louis's professions. A verbal communication from the Marquis d'Argenson reached him early in November. Louis, he was informed, would grant him a pension of 12,000 *francs* monthly and a residence. *Voilà tout!* Charles was indignant. We get an early glimpse of his new and fatal diplomacy in a letter to his father of November 6. He reported d'Argenson's proposals, but refused to believe a word of them until they were in black and white. "I find it, and am absolutely convinced of it," he went on—*Quem Deus!*—"that ye only way of delyng with

this Government is to give as short and smart answers as one can, at ye same time paying them in their own Coin by Loding them with sivilities and compliments, setting apart business; for that kind of vermin, the more you give them, the more thel take." It was necessary, he added, "to be Laconick with them, which is the only way of pussiling them." He had shown this remarkable letter to his brother, after swearing him then and for the future to secrecy. "I would be very sorry some people should no my mind," he explained. Little wonder! For he was dependent upon these "vermin" for all that he most longed for. Cardinal Tencin, though under obligations to James, fared no better with Charles, who wrote him down bluntly "a rogue and a rascal." Charles had forwarded to Louis a memorandum of what he desired. He had represented that his Scottish partisans were in a bad way, victims of England's vengeance. He asked for French troops. Their destination he would not reveal; no doubt London. Charles's sledge-hammer diplomacy was becoming annoying, and Tencin visited him to represent the situation. For the moment, Tencin explained, France could not help him, but he hinted that the cession of Ireland might induce a more favourable attitude. Charles dismissed him angrily. "*Tout ou rien! point de partage! point de partage!*" he reiterated.

Charles, in fact, was no denser than the rest of his party in failing to understand that the Franco-Jacobite alliance was not one between two equal, high contracting Powers. Had the millions sunk in the Mississippi and South Sea schemes been at his back, and Prussian Frederick's ramrods at his command, Charles could not have assumed a more lofty method of negotiation.

So the year 1746 ran to its close. Marriage projects were entertained and dismissed. A daughter of the Duc de Modena was suggested for Charles, Mademoiselle de Mazarin for Henry. But Henry was already on the verge of the Cardinalate, and Charles looked higher for his consort. "My opinion is," he told his father, "I cannot as yet marry unless I get the King's dauter." He was slightly *exalté*. Later he thought of the Russian Czarina!

Early in 1747 Charles suddenly quitted Paris. More than a year before, Charles Wogan, then at Madrid, had hinted that some attention on Charles's part to His Most Catholic Majesty would be welcomed. Bitterly disappointed in France, Charles, as Mr. Ewald suggests, remembered Wogan's admonition. On February 9 he informed Henry, from Avignon, that Madrid was his goal. His father was entirely in ignorance of the project. On March 12, however, in characteristic terms, Charles announced to him the dis-

appointing results of his journey. "I believe your Majesty will be as much surprised as I am," he wrote from Guadalajara, "to find that, no sooner arrived, I was hurried away without so much as allowing me time to rest." He had thought that there were nowhere "such fools as the French Court," but Spain had corrected that impression. "Your Majesty must forgive me," he apologized, "if I speak here a little out of humour, for an angel would take the spleen on this occasion." He had ridden post from Perpignan to Barcelona on the Mediterranean coast with a couple of companions. On March 2 he had reached Madrid. He communicated at once with Sir Thomas Geraldine, and through him obtained an interview with Caravajal, the Minister, to whom he had sent a letter for the King. He was conveyed to his audience "with a great many ridiculous precautions;" for, he told James, "I find all here like the pheasants, that it is enough to hide their heads to cover the rest of the body, as they think." After "many compliments" Charles inquired if his letter to Ferdinand had been delivered. Caravajal said it had not. He probably lied *more diplomatico.* Charles, in fact, was *ennuyant,* his sudden visit embarrassing. Caravajal hinted the wisdom of his immediate return beyond the Pyrenees. He urged it with "several very nonsensical reasons,"

says Charles. To one who had ridden a few hundred miles on urgent matters the suggestion seemed quaintly humorous. Charles explained his reasons for coming to Spain—his hopes of assistance, the readiness of his "friends" to rise with the least support. Caravajal was bland but inconclusive, and Charles returned unsatisfied to his *auberge*. Near midnight he was roused by Caravajal himself. The King would see him at once, he was told. Charles hurried to the palace. His unwilling hosts made him "many civilities," but the burden of their advice was the same: he must quit Spain as soon as possible. Charles begged to be allowed to make his bow to the Queen Dowager. Ferdinand referred him to Caravajal. "I found by that," says Charles to his father, "he [Ferdinand] had got his lesson, and was a weak man just put in motion like a clock-work." Next day he waited on Caravajal, and again was politely urged to depart. Charles objected that his "family," whom he had outridden from Barcelona, had not yet arrived. Finally, Caravajal sent Geraldine to conduct his pertinacious visitor to Guadalajara, and so got rid of him. Charles was there on March 12 penning his indignant despatch to his father. By March 26 he had returned to Paris. He was resolved, he told Lord Clancarty, to keep himself "absolutely in private." Spain had failed him, but he

would again lay siege to Louis, "to bring these people here to reason if possible." Tact, judgment, and patience were not in Charles's armoury. No one can deny him persistence and doggedness. He had not returned from Scotland to live on his laurels, but to win more on the same field.

The anniversary of Culloden had barely passed before the Stuart cause encountered another Cannæ; and the blow came from Charles's brother. The two brothers had drifted apart since the elder returned from Scotland. Their temperament, outlook, and ambitions differed as the poles. To the one his shadowy heritage of Royalty was very real. But Henry, like his father, had buried his worldly ambitions. Charles had *le grand air*, accepted homage as his due, knew the value of popular applause, and on occasion could play for it. Henry walked timid and retiring beside his more brilliant brother. Yet he had spirit. "I know him to be a little lively," Charles writes to James, "not much loving to be contradicted." Charles had endeavoured to educate Henry in his method. "The Prince has often attacked me in a loving way," writes Henry on his side, "about my way of life in general," out of "the desire he has of making me render myself popular, as he calls it." Henry shared James's dislike of Charles's in-

timate advisers. Charles held the same view of the Roman *clique*. The two brothers did not pull together. Mistrust grew. They learnt only indirectly each other's plans. Poor James was worried on both sides by their mutual complainings and misgivings. So early as November 22, 1746, he was anxious for Henry to return to Rome to avoid an open *esclandre*. On April 17, 1747, he wrote again to the same effect, and Henry obeyed. The manner of his going as much as the purpose of it destroyed for years the tottering friendship of the brothers. At Henry's invitation Charles came to supper with him on the evening of April 29. Henry's house was brilliantly lighted, supper was spread, his household was in attendance. But Henry was absent. Charles waited until midnight in growing anxiety lest some evil had befallen him. Three days later he heard from Henry, then far on his way to Rome. The secret was out at length. Henry intended to accept a Cardinal's Hat, and thereby, in the opinion of all, ruined the hopes of his party for ever. Charles's feelings one can imagine. While he was toiling, his brother had dealt the blow which shattered his *Château en Espagne* to fragments. He cursed the seven-hilled city. Rather than put his foot in Rome he would seek refuge in another Achkirsideallich. And he kept his word. For twenty years he wandered hope-

HENRY CARDINAL YORK

less as Wotan, and Rome did not see him till his father lay dead.

On July 3, 1747, Henry was created Cardinal, and on July 8 received the Hat. James sought in vain to reconcile Charles to the event. "Naturally speaking," he wrote on June 13, "you should have been consulted about a resolution of that kind before it had been executed; but as the Duke and I were unalterably determined on the matter, and we foresaw that you might probably not approve of it, we thought it would be showing you more regard, and that it would even be more agreeable to you, that the thing should be done before your answer could come here, and to have it in your power to say it was done without your knowledge and approbation." Henry had discoursed to James "fully and freely on the vocation he had long had to embrace an ecclesiastical state, and which he had so long concealed from me and kept to himself, with a view, no doubt, of having it in his power of being of some use to you in the late conjunctures. But the case is now altered, and as I am fully convinced of the sincerity and solidity of his vocation, I should think it a resisting the will of God, and acting directly against my conscience, if I should pretend to constrain him in a matter which so nearly concerns him." James hinted other motives than those of "conscience and equity" for his approval of

Henry's step, and admitted that, considering "all that has passed in relation to the Duke for some years bygone, had he not had the vocation he has, I should have used my best endeavours and all arguments to have induced him to embrace that state," and "to secure to him, as much as in me lay, that tranquillity and happiness which I was sensible it was impossible for him to enjoy in any other state." In plain English, Charles, alone of his family, now regarded the pretensions of his House seriously. To him was Esau's portion. But neither James nor Henry could or would understand that the Cardinalate had cheated Charles of his birthright as surely as Jacob Esau in the long ago. His rage against them was intelligible and abiding.

Burning with indignation against his family and an unsympathetic world, Charles fell at once and easily under petticoat influence not wisely directed. The Princesse de Talmond and Madame D'Aiguillon fought over him, says Mr. Lang expressively, "like fish-hags." Both were beautiful, neither of them wise counsellors to a lad still in his twenties. His situation, too, was becoming critical. France, though unwilling to aid him, so far offered him a home. Even that boon was to be withdrawn. In the spring of 1748 the long war which had devastated Europe since 1740 was drawing to its close. Plenipotentiaries were

already discussing peace at Aix-la-Chapelle. Its conclusion touched the Jacobites closely, for their nets were only set in stormy waters. And to Charles personally the imminence of peace was critical, for England insisted as a fundamental condition that France should no longer offer him an asylum. Charles affected *nonchalance*. The mob admired him, and at the Opera and elsewhere he ostentatiously courted their applause. He intended to show the French Ministry that popular opinion would not brook his betrayal. He talked of standing a siege in his house, like Charles XII. at Bender, and other *rodomontade*. Louis was anxious to avoid a scandal and to induce the headstrong youth to withdraw quietly. Charles would not listen to hints delicately conveyed. In June, 1748, Fribourg was suggested as his residence. Madame de Talmond counselled resistance. Fribourg he would not hear of. In July he drew up a protest and sent it to Louis. He continued in his course of reckless dare-devildom, appeared frequently at the Opera, "fort gai et fort beau," feasted his friends, and was generally unreasonable. The Duc de Gèvres and Comte de Maurepas were sent to talk to him. James was begged to preach reason to him, and did so without effect. Louis's patience was at length exhausted. The non-fulfilment of his treaty obligations already called forth protest from England.

On December 10 he signed an order for Charles's arrest. "Poor Prince, how hard it is for a King to be a friend!" he is said to have murmured as he did so. News of the danger in which he stood reached Charles. He dismissed it with a "Pish-pish, an idle rumour!" In the evening (December 10) he drove to the Opera as usual. As he drove along the Rue St. Honoré he received another warning, but went on disregarding. Precautions almost farcical had been taken to secure his arrest. In the Place de l'Opéra twelve hundred men under the Duc de Biran were drawn up. Scaling-ladders and locksmiths were in readiness, in case Charles took refuge in a neighbouring Fort Chabrol. Three surgeons and a physician were in attendance with their tools. The thing was planned lavishly on the scale of a campaign. As Charles alighted he was seized, arms, body, and legs, carried to the court of the Palais-Royal, and thence to the apartment of Marsolan, the Duc d'Orléans' surgeon. Major Vandreuil of the Guards came to him there and announced his arrest. Charles refused to surrender his arms, but allowed them to be taken from him, a sword, a two-bladed knife, and a pair of pistols. He was bound securely with a silken cord, carried to a coach, and driven off to the Château de Vincennes. There he was well treated, and after a week's confinement was set at liberty upon his

undertaking to leave France. It is uncertain whether he pledged himself not to re-enter France. If he did so, his *parole* was imperfectly kept. On December 17 he was escorted from Vincennes to Beauvoisin, on the frontiers of Savoy. Thence he went through Chambéry to Papal Avignon, the one spot in Europe still open to him. He arrived there on December 27, disguised as an Irish officer in the Spanish service. On January 1, 1749, he wrote to his father, declaring himself "in perfect good health, notwithstanding the unheard of barbarous and inhuman treatment I have met with." He had left his virile, hopeful youth behind. The diplomacy of Europe had declared him *hostis humani generis.* Henceforward he lurks in his secret lairs, sinking lower and lower below the level of his once buoyant self.

Charles remained at Avignon for two months. On his arrival he stayed with Mrs. Hay, poor Clementina's innocent rival. Captain Stafford, who had accompanied him on his Spanish jaunt, and young Sheridan were with him. Later the Duc de Rochefort's house gave him shelter. It was reported in Rome that the Princesse de Talmond shared his exile, but that Dulcinea was probably doing penance in Lorraine, where Charles joined her later. To relieve the monotony of Avignon's humdrum existence Charles patronized

boxing matches. But Avignon guarded its respectability with an edict as antiquated as that which protects England's Sabbath from profanation. The Archbishop intervened, and forbade the unholy sport. Charles turned to more serious interests. On February 24, 1749, he sent a formal proposal for the hand of the daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse Darmstadt. He admitted that the outlook was unpromising, his prospects far from roseate, but, Micawber-like, trusted that something would turn up. He drafted, but surely never despatched, as Mr. Lang supposes, a letter to the King of Poland announcing his coming with the Landgrave's daughter! Somewhere an asylum had to be found, for his residence at Avignon had not passed unchallenged. England threatened the severest reprisals if the Pope continued to give him shelter there. Benedict XIV., like Louis, was forced to abandon his guest. The news was communicated to Charles somewhat timorously, for what might not a young man be capable of whose capture had engaged an army? Contrary to anticipation Charles heard the message quietly, and obeyed it without a murmur. On February 28, 1749, he rode out of Avignon with Henry Goring. To cover his retreat he adopted his brother's *ruse*. His house remained open, his servants on duty. His physician called daily, and to inquirers Charles was said to be ill in bed.

Some suspicious or inquisitive people at length exposed the stratagem. Climbing to the top of the opposite house they saw Charles's room empty and fireless. But the plan had served its turn. Charles had effectually covered his trail. From the night of February 28 he hides himself, as Voltaire said, "from the whole world." Mr. Lang's diligent ingenuity has lifted the curtain.

While diplomatists were speculating vainly upon Charles's movements, detecting him now in Berlin, now in Stockholm, Lithuania, and elsewhere, Charles was actually in the heart of, or on the borders of, the forbidden country, France. More than a generation before Charles's father had found refuge in Lorraine. Unable to remain in Avignon, and refusing to join his father in Italy, Lorraine suggested itself as a temporary asylum, at least until his plans were matured. Other reasons drew Charles thither. At Lunéville his kinsman, Stanislas Leczinski, the ex-King of Poland, held his Court. There, too, was his Dulcinea, the Princesse de Talmond, who, in disgrace at Paris, had gone thither to her estates. Charles, no doubt, joined her—her husband had forbidden him her house in Paris. But before entering upon the life of mystery which he had marked out for himself, it was necessary to arrange his financial affairs, correspondence and so forth, with his agent, the banker Waters, at

Paris. His Highland Odysseid had, perhaps, made him contemptuous of pursuit and detection. He resolved to go to Paris himself. On March 6, 1749, he wrote to Waters, that he intended to call for letters. On April 3, from Lunéville, where he was the guest of Mittie, Stanislas's physician, he drafted in puzzling French a complicated plan for his journey to Paris. His disguises would make a bewildering list. For the moment he was "Mr. Benn." Goring, it was arranged, was to proceed to Paris to prepare for Charles's arrival. On his journey thither, or, probably, on his return, he was to arrive in a post-chaise at Ligny. Charles was to come there from Dijon, to meet Goring as if by accident, hear his news, and send him on horseback to Dijon with papers concealed in his trunk, lent to Goring "comme par amitie." Charles thereupon was to proceed to Paris in Goring's discarded chaise. The scheme appears to have worked smoothly, though Charles's brief visit to Paris did not pass undetected. One follows his later flittings with some difficulty. From Paris he seems to have returned to Lorraine. He was at Strassburg on April 26, where he was again detected and warned to depart. The idea uppermost in his mind was to enlist the help of the Earl Marischal, then at Berlin. Before the '45 he and Charles had had differences; they grew to greater height in the future. Meanwhile Charles

was corresponding with him. He wrote to him under cover on April 10, somewhat doubtful of the Earl's disposition: "Whatever party you take, be pleased to keep my writing secret, and address to me at Venise to the Sig. Ignazio Testori, to Mr. de Villelongue under cover to a Banquier of that town, and it will come safe to me." On April 20 he wrote again, and Goring carried both letters. But the Earl was very comfortable at Berlin under Frederick's friendship. Charles got no more from him than a mother-of-pearl snuff-box with his miniature. Perhaps, as Mr. Lang suggests, he desired to convey the hint that his service to Charles's House rendered him unable to give more. Charles meanwhile, on May 3, was *en route* to Venice. "Next to France," he told James Edgar at Rome, "Venice is the best for my interest, and the only one in Italy." He wrote from there again to the Earl Marischal on May 17 to say that he had just arrived, but was doubtful of the reception he would meet with. He was not long in doubt. On May 25 he received "a definite answer about my project" from the Nuntio, who told him that his further stay in Venice was impossible. Next day (May 26) he wrote to his father: "As I have nothing further to do here, and would not run the least risk of being found out, I depart this very evening." One looks into his abyss of hopelessness in a

scribbled note of his at this time: "What can a bird do that has not found a right nest? He must flit from bough to bough, *ainsi use les Irondel.*" He left Venice with vague hopes of Maria Therésa's hospitality, but drifted back to Paris.

The refuge which Charles was approaching in Paris was a curious one. There stood in the Rue St. Dominique the Convent of St. Joseph. It had been founded by Madame de Montespan, and attached to it were apartments in which ladies of rank could reside in some seclusion from the world. Its existence was revealed to Charles, no doubt, by the Princesse de Talmond, who had rooms in it. Residing there also were two ladies, Mademoiselle Ferrand and her friend, Madame de Vassé. To them Charles owed shelter many times during the years 1749 to 1752. His secret was well kept, and not until Mademoiselle Ferrand was dead did her friend reveal it to Choiseul, then Minister of Foreign Affairs. So early as March, 1749, Mademoiselle Ferrand's name appears among Charles's hurried notes. During his brief visit to Paris in April, however, he did not meet her. On June 30, 1749, he wrote to her to beg her to receive his correspondence at Paris, for Waters, the banker, was already suspect. On July 23 he wrote again. She had written a life of Cartouche the robber, and he addressed her in

that character: "It is very bold of Cartouche to write once more, without knowing whether you wish to be concerned with him, but people of our profession are usually impudent." "I pray you to have some confidence in this handwriting," he concluded, "and to believe that Cartouche, though he be Cartouche, is a true friend." Mademoiselle Ferrand was willing to extend to him a friendship as innocent as Flora's, and then, or soon after, the Convent became his headquarters in Paris. By day he remained hidden. At night he listened in concealment to the conversation of a brilliant *salon;* Condillac, Madame du Deffand, and Montesquieu frequented it. Charles's *liaison* with the Princesse de Talmond was continued there; a secret staircase led from his hiding-place to her chambers. She was *exigeante* and he careless, one gathers. Mademoiselle Ferrand, too, became an innocent cause of jealousy and bickering. Madame de Vassé, so Grimm records, had at length to withdraw her hospitality from Charles "because of the too lively scenes between him and Madame de Talmond. They began in tender effusions, and often ended in a quarrel, or even in blows." A strange household!

The summer and autumn of 1749 Charles passed, seemingly, either in his "nest" in the Rue St. Dominique or in Lorraine. Fugitive notes of his are his only traces. He was hard pushed for

money. Kennedy had already gone to Scotland to secure what remained of the Loch Arkaig treasure, and Goring was sent to London at the end of July to try to raise funds. He brought back £15,000, and Charles (August 21) placed "fifteen thousand Livers" on credit with Waters, to relieve his despairing household at Avignon. Goring ran on many strange errands. In December—Charles had been at Lunéville—he was despatched to Paris for the Prince's "big Muff and portfeul." In January, 1750, Charles was still brawling with Madame de Talmond, and pledging himself in mock-treaty form, "retirer aux heures qu'il lui conviendra a la ditte P[rincesse], soit de jour, soit de nuit, soit de ses états." In May he was commissioning Mademoiselle Ferrand to procure for him Fielding's novels, *Joseph Andrews* "dans sa langue naturelle, et la traduction aussi," and *Tom Jones* in French.

Tom Jones and Madame de Talmond served *pour un temps.* They were put aside with the prospect of activity and adventure. In the spring of 1750 there were, or were supposed to be, grounds for believing that the Jacobite party in England, after a period of obscuration, had again arisen. If one may trust Sir Walter Scott, they still looked to Charles as Adam to Orlando in *As You Like It :*

> "Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
> To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty."

Charles at least was perfectly willing to take their professions seriously. His jottings in the early part of 1750 show that a scheme of more than usual boldness was in progress, and it culminated in September, when Charles, who had lurked under Louis's nose in the heart of Paris, proved his equal indifference to George II., and walked the streets and saw the sights of London unmolested—without the kilt, however, as he once had planned. As early as April 24 Kennedy was under orders to accompany him to London. On May 3 Charles jots down his resolution "to go over [to London] at any rate," and notes that "the person who makes the proposal of coming over" assures him he can do so with safety. Antwerp was to be his port of departure, and on June 8 Goring received Charles's instructions to visit his agent there, James Dormer, whom Charles—who had already deposited 186,000 *livres* with Waters—directed (June 8) "to get me with all ye expedition possible Twenty Thousand Guns, Baionets, Ammunition proportioned, with four thousand sords and Pistols for horces in one ship, which is to be ye first, and in ye second six thouzand Guns without Baionets, but sufficient Amunition, and Six thouzand Brode sords." Not even in 1745 had Charles carried such an armament as this, and how he designed to employ it does not appear. As Mr. Lang points out, an

émeute of the Layer and Elibank kind was the utmost that was probably contemplated, a *ballon d'essai* to test the current of public feeling; possibly no more than an interested effort to strengthen the Opposition. It is clear that the very desire to be again in the saddle magnified in Charles's mind the frail hopes held out to him. He was certainly much in earnest, for on July 2 he applied for a renewal of the commission as Prince Regent under which he had acted in 1745. His father gave it, but told him bluntly that he was "a continual heart-break." James warned him, too, that "while you do all that is necessary to disgust them," Charles could not expect much from his friends. The old King was right, and Charles had not yet exhausted his powers of shocking an astonished world.

Charles sailed from Antwerp for England on September 12, 1750, close upon the fourth anniversary of his escape from Scotland in 1746. On the 14th he landed, and two days later (September 16) was in London. Many years afterwards (1783) Charles described his adventure to Gustavus III. of Sweden; how he had visited the Tower, and concluded that Leslie's *ruse* at Edinburgh Castle in 1639 might as easily win the Conqueror's fortress. His hostess in London was probably Lady Primrose. Dr. King, of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, invited him to tea, and his servant

was struck by the likeness of the visitor to the busts of Prince Charles then being sold in London. In his *Anecdotes* King tells of his visit to Lady Primrose, where Charles was hiding: "September, 1750.—I received a note from my Lady Primrose, who desired to see me immediately. As soon as I waited on her, she led me into her dressing-room, and presented me to—— [the Prince]. If I was surprised to find him there, I was still more astonished when he acquainted me with the motives which had induced him to hazard a journey to England at this juncture. The impatience of his friends who were in exile had formed a scheme which was impracticable; but although it had been as feasible as they had represented it to him, yet no preparation had been made, nor was any thing ready to carry it into execution. He was soon convinced that he had been deceived, and, therefore, after a stay in London of five days only, he returned to the place from whence he came." Boisdale had made a similar commentary upon the ill-planned expedition of 1745. The brief visit to London, however, was memorable for an event which, at an earlier date and more generally proclaimed, might have produced great results. Charles professed himself a Protestant, and was admitted into the Anglican communion, says one account, in "the New Church" in the Strand, presumably St. Mary-le-

Strand, which had been built about thirty years before. Charles's resentment against Rome and his brother probably inspired in some degree a step which was of little practical value to him or his party. It fell in, however, with the general bent of his policy since 1746. His father had long since reproached him for his evident and ostentatious endeavour to advertise himself as the leader of that section of the Jacobite party which rejected Rome's interest and patronage.

In 1759, before Hawke's victory over Conflans in Quiberon Bay defeated his last hope of a rising in his favour, Charles prepared an explanation of his motives for changing his religion. It was as follows:

"The Roman Catholick religion has been the ruin of the royal Family, the subversion of the English Monarchy and Constitution, in the last century, did like an earthquake raise up that fatal rock on which it split. In that religion was I brought up and educated as other Princes are, with a firm attachment to the see of Rome. Had motives of interest been able to make me disguise my sentiments upon the material point of religion, I should certainly in my first undertaking in the year 1745 have declared myself a protestant, it was too evidently my interest so to doe to leave a doubt with any person. As to the motive which dissuaded me from it, it was no other than a persuasion of the truth of my religion. The adversity I have suffered since that time, has made me reflect, has furnished me with opportunitys of being informed, and God has been pleased so far to smile upon

my honest endeavour, as to enlighten my understanding and point me out the hidden path by which the finger of man has been introduced to form the artfull system of Roman Infallibility.

"Iff it was greatly my interest when last amongst you to appear to be a protestant, it was surely as much against it after my misfortune and during my Exile to become realy one; that motive however had no weight with me in a matter of so great concern.

"In order to make my renountiation of the errors of the Church of Rome the most authentick, and the less liable afterwards to malitious interpretations, I went to London in the year 1750 and in that capital did then make a solemn abjuration of the Romish religion, and did embrace that of the Church of England as by Law Established in the 39 Articles, in which I hope to live and die."

Charles's religious convictions, however, like Charles II.'s, were conveniently superficial and elastic. In later years he reverted easily to the Church which had nurtured him, and, in spite of his desertion, sheltered him when he was old and friendless.

On September 22, 1750, Charles's fruitless visit to London came to an end. He spent four days (September 24-28) at Paris, in the Convent, no doubt, and then he disappears. He may have met Madame de Talmond upon his return from London; at least their quarrel reached its climax. He had suspected her, it seems, before he went to London. On his return to Paris he summoned

her, doubtful, as he notes in angry bluntness, whether she were "a tretor or a hour." She refused to come, and went to Commercy; Stanislas Leczinski had her promise, she wrote to Charles. On September 26 he answered her from Paris. He was leaving at once, he said, and continued: "Je ne puis pas me dispenser de vous repeter, Combien chaque jour de votre absence faira du tort a mes affaier, outre Le desire d'avoire une Compagnie si agréable dans une si triste solitude que ma malhereuse situation m'oblige indispensablement de tenire." He was going to Lorraine, he added, and would neither receive nor send any letters through his usual channel, Mademoiselle Ferrand. On September 30 he wrote to Waters, that he would hear nothing of him until January 15, 1751. Perhaps Madame de Vassé and Mademoiselle Ferrand found him shelter. Henry Goring writes to Charles, seemingly at this period: "You are offer'd by ye Ladies the château you know of, which by the description is a lonely, solitary place, if you think it safe to make the journey: for if it should ever become publick where you are, or if more suspected, it would be almost impossible to remove and at the same time dangerous to stay." He added: "The Ladies by way of discourse asked me if you was in want of money, upon which I replied, I was not enough acquainted with your affairs to know

how that matter was, but I did not believe you were in distress ; they told me that when you were with them they had often a mind to speak to you on that subject, but were affraid you would take it ill, to whom they sayd they could speak with more liberty, to propose it to you. I told them it was an affair too delicate for me to medle in without your orders, I thought however it was my duty to acquaint you with the generous sentiments and ye noble friendship of the two Heroines, for such they are."

News of Charles in this dark period of his *incognito* was occasionally obtained. In October he was reported to be in the neighbourhood of Paris, "disguised in an Abbé's dress, with a black patch upon his eye, and his eye-brows black'd." On January 15, 1751, his father believed him to be at Boulogne-sur-Mer. It is possible, Mr. Lang thinks, that during the winter of 1750-51 Charles was in Germany. His letters in some part of that period seem to have gone by Mayence. His correspondence with Mademoiselle Ferrand continued, chiefly relating to the progress of his quarrel with "La Tante," as he called Madame de Talmond. He asks Mademoiselle Ferrand (December 30, 1750) to send him Montesquieu's *L'Ésprit des Lois,* and, of another character, *Les Amours de Mlle. Fanfiche.* Later he asks for Racine's *Athalie* and Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe.*

His literary tastes were eclectic. On February 10, 1751, Albemarle, at Paris, reported him to have been lately received at Berlin by Frederick. It is impossible to say how far the rumour is correct. Charles's hopes were certainly fixed upon Frederick at this time. A note of his records his admiration of the King, "not as a K." (Charles affected republicanism), "but, as I believe him to be, a clever man." On March 4 he was certainly back in Paris. Young Waters saw him at the Opera ball, and returned to him a watch which he had left at the Convent of English nuns at Pontoise. After this brief appearance Charles dives again. In the summer of 1751 two events gave him encouragement. In July Charles heard of a new adherent, Alexander Murray, brother of Lord Elibank, who had been imprisoned for his conduct at the famous Westminster election, and sought revenge in as hare-brained a plot as ever was planned. In August the Earl Marischal, whom Charles had wooed in vain in 1749, came to Paris as Frederick's Ambassador. Charles, from his retreat in or near Paris, endeavoured to gain the Earl's help and interest. Goring was sent to sound him. On September 20 Goring informed him of his mission and asked for an audience. The Earl suggested a meeting the next afternoon, in a garden "famous for fruit, by Pique-price, beyond it some way." Goring preferred the night time,

and proposed the Tuilleries. The Earl agreed to "walk along the step or terrace before the house in the garden," provided it was fine. Perhaps they met there. Other meetings were arranged in October, but benefited Charles not one whit. Marischal was cautious.

Charles, in fact, was in dire need of assistance from some quarter or another. His absurd preparations in 1750 had left him without means and in debt. Waters, in February, 1752, refused to advance money. Dormer, at Antwerp, had to protest against drafts upon an exhausted account. Madame de Vassé, on May 5, was unable to help, and Montesquieu, whom Charles appears to have suggested as able to do so, was not in Paris. In March, 1752, Charles's establishment at Avignon was broken up and his servants were dismissed. The reason was not entirely due to want of money. Charles contemplated another and less reputable *ménage*. He was on the brink of a step which alienated the friends still left to him, and broke up his longsuffering party. In the spring of 1752, deserting Lorraine and its associations with Madame de Talmond, Charles took up his quarters in the Netherlands. He passed as the Chevalier William Johnson. By May 12 he had taken a house at Ghent, near the Place de l'Empereur, "a preti house, and room in it to lodge a friend," he describes it. The "preti house" was not long

without the "friend." In the summer of 1752 Clementina Walkinshaw became its mistress.

Charles had met Clementina for the first time six years before, when he was besieging Stirling Castle early in 1746. He was then at Bannockburn House, the guest of Sir Hugh Paterson. There also was his host's granddaughter, a girl of twenty, the daughter of John Walkinshaw of Barrowfield. She bore the names of Charles's mother, Maria Clementina. In later years she described herself as "undone" between 1745 and 1747. She was, probably, Charles's mistress during the months before he reluctantly sanctioned the retreat from Stirling. They parted with a promise on her part to join him "wherever providence might lead him, if he failed in his attempt." With our knowledge of Charles's life since 1746, it is difficult to believe that Clementina had remained a very vivid memory to him. Can he have met her during his sudden descent upon London in 1750? He had all but broken with Madame de Talmond, and such a meeting would revive pleasant memories and suggest a partnership less *exigeant*. By 1752—how much earlier is not known—Clementina had become canoness in a *Chapitre noble* in the Netherlands. O'Sullivan, one of the "Seven Men of Moidart," it is suggested, was the baneful agent who urged her to fulfil her promise of long ago. She consented

CLEMENTINA WALKINSHAW

and went to Douai. Thence, by Charles's orders, she proceeded to Paris. Goring was there, in the Rue St. Dominique, and Charles peremptorily required his and Madame de Vassé's assistance in bringing to him his new Dulcinea. Scruples of morality can hardly have inspired their deep disgust for the duty, for Madame de Vassé had allowed Charles's *liaison* with Madame de Talmond to proceed under her own roof. Yet Charles writes to her: "Malgré tout votre repugnance je vous ordonne d'éxécuter avec toutes les précautions possibles ce dont je vous ai chargé." She was to tell Goring, that if he desired to retain his master's favour, "he must show you the best and most efficacious and rapid means of arriving at the end for which I sent him to you." Miss Walkinshaw, in fact, was doubly ineligible. She was a Roman Catholic, and on that count Charles ultimately affected to dismiss her. Her sister Catherine was in the household of the Prince of Wales, and between her and Charles's mistress, for all that Goring and the rest knew, an understanding might exist of dangerous consequence to the party. Unfortunately for Clementina, the notorious Pickle commenced his polite career as high-born spy about the time that she joined Charles. Pickle died respectable and unsuspected. She, one supposes, bore some of the brunt of execration which the mysterious leakage

of Jacobite secrets aroused. Hence, with a premonition of disaster, Goring refused to obey Charles's orders. "Believe me, Sir," he wrote, "such commissions are for the worst of men, and such you will find enough for money, but they will likewise betray you for more." "If any accident should happen to you by the young lady's means," he went on, "I shall be detested and become the horrour of Mankind; but if you are determined to have her, let Mr. Sullivan bring her to you here, or any where himself." Yet more emphatically Goring wrote again: "I will not act a low part in your pleasures." Rather would he break with Charles altogether. "My desire of not living with you," he went on, "when accompanied by my utter dishonour, is not what you can in justice condemn." But Charles, masterful and determined, had his way. Clementina joined him at Ghent. "From the first moment of her reunion with Charles," says Saint-Simon, "she was regarded and treated as his wife, bore his name, and presided over his household." Clementina's brief and unhappy reign had begun. At about the same time, or soon after, Charles's better genius, Mademoiselle Ferrand, died (October, 1752).

In the autumn of 1752 Charles was deep in the Elibank plot. Alexander Murray, Lord Elibank's brother, was its author. He had joined Charles

in the summer of 1751, and the details of his scheme had been slowly maturing. In the autumn of 1752 it was ripe for execution, and November 10 was the date agreed upon. Murray was to proceed to London, raise a body of desperadoes, seize the Royal family, and proclaim a restoration. Charles, conveniently at hand, like his father in *Esmond*, was to appear opportunely. Young Glengarry—Pickle—was in the plot, corresponding gaily with both sides. The Government followed every step of it by his means. On November 2 he sent warning of an approaching "hurly Burly." Early in December he gave details of it, and news of its postponement. Charles, we learn, had summoned Lochgarry and Dr. Archibald Cameron to meet him in September at Menin, some thirty miles south-west of Ghent. He informed them of the plot and despatched them to Scotland to prepare the clans, who were to await Field-Marshal Keith's arrival with Swedish troops before resorting to arms. Murray, meanwhile, went over to London, but, as Pickle explained, impartially distributing his information between London and Rome, "when matters come to the puish, some frivolous excuses retarded this great and Glorious blow. Thank God"—he is writing for James's eye—"the Prince did not venture himself then at London, tho he was upon the Coast ready at a

Call to put himself at their head." Mr. Lang hazards an interesting suggestion, that Charles was at that time in an old house near Godalming, now a Home for Incurables, and once haunted by the Prince's ghost. But Godalming, if Pickle may be taken literally, is hardly upon the coast. Furnes, on the Netherland coast, where Pickle met him soon after the Menin conference, was probably the nearest point to England which Charles reached before the haphazard bubble burst. "We will see," Pickle wrote to Edgar later (April 5, 1753), "if the month of May or June will produce something more effective than Novr." Nothing more effective happened. The plot did no good to anybody, and it brought Archibald Cameron to his doom. He was arrested in the Highlands in March and executed in June, 1753, the last Jacobite martyr. He died on the old charge of '45, but Pickle and the Elibank plot brought him down.

Charles had reached the limit of his party's willingness to actively support him. The Elibank plot was the last fizzle of the Jacobite "devil." Charles wandered from place to place, and is traced with difficulty in 1753. In January he was in Paris, very low in funds. Albemarle thought he had detected him there, in spite of his having "painted his face with red, and coloured his eyebrows with the deepest black." Early in March

Pickle saw him at the Opera ball, somewhat to Pickle's surprise, who imagined that Charles had proceeded from Furnes to Berlin. He received Pickle "very kindly, and he still insisted upon foreign assistance, and the great assurances he had from England, and that he expected matters would go well in a very little time." Unhappy Charles! Pickle's information was straightway converted into English gold! Archibald Cameron's arrest alarmed Charles considerably. From Ghent, presumably, he wrote (April 13, 1753) to the Earl Marischal at Paris: "I am extremely unnesi by the accident that has hapened to a Certain person. you Now how much I was against people in that Service"—he suspected some French informer, any but the plausible Pickle. "My antipathi, iff possible," he continued, "increses every day, which makes me absolutely determined, whatever hapens, never to aproch their Country [France], or have to do with anibody that comes with them." He was on the point of leaving Ghent, he added, but would await the Earl's advice. Meanwhile he suggested Basel in Switzerland—he could reach it by way of Frankfort-on-the-Main—or even Hungary. The Earl answered, and Charles understood him to recommend Cologne. Thither he went. On May 8 Goring wrote from Paris to warn him. Marischal had been "falsely represented" or

"not rightly understood." Cologne was too dangerous, as it would be easy "for five or six men to seise your person and put you in a boat, and Carry you to Holland, who have territories but one quarter of an hour distant from ye town." Charles obeyed Goring's hint. He transferred himself to Coblentz, and thence to Frankfort-on-the-Main. In July he was at Liège, and took a house there. He was now "a sedentary man, ye gazettes is en amusement to me," he told Dormer, and asked for newspapers. Later he ordered Wood and Dawkins's *Ruins of Palmyra*. On August 12 he desired Pickle to come to him, and met him soon after at Ternan. Their business was the report which Lochgarry, lately returned from Scotland, had brought of the Highlanders. Charles also had received a proposal from England for securing a friendly Parliament by lavish bribery. Pickle duly forwarded the information to his employers. He learnt also of Charles's precarious existence for the last few months. Charles complained that "he had been of late hunted from place to place all over Flanders by a Jew sent out of England to watch him." He told Pickle that he had been "a Rambling from one place to another about Flanders, generally from near Brussells towards Sens, and on the Borders of France towards Air, except some small excursions he made; once he

went to Hamburgh." Miss Walkinshaw was meanwhile at Paris, expecting her confinement. Charles proposed to join her, and invited Pickle to accompany him. Together they went, Charles disguised as a Capuchin. At Paris Charles went at once to "a Bagnio—Pickle thinks it is call'd Gaius' Bagno"—and thence to John Graeme's house, so Pickle believed; he followed his prey no further. Soon after, Charles's daughter Charlotte, "the bonny lass o' Albany," was born. On October 29, 1753, she was baptized at Liège.

The feeling that he was spied upon, and the generally hopeless state of his affairs, dragged Charles lower and lower. Within a month after his child's baptism he had quarrelled with Clementina. A fierce note from Charles to Goring on November 12 told him: "My mistress has behaved so unworthily that she has put me out of patience, and as she is a Papist too, I discard her also." He had ordered "Daniel" to conduct her to Paris. A mistress and young child were embarrassing *impedimenta* to one hunted from pillar to post. A very singular note, "A marque to be put on ye Child iff i part with it," suggests that Charles was thinking of breaking loose entirely from domestic ties. He was, as usual, hard pressed for money. His treasures at Lunéville helped to raise the wind, and Charles was even reported to have been seen selling his

pistols in Paris! The single gleam of light came from Berlin, where Frederick was nibbling cautiously at the Jacobite bait.

Throughout the year 1754 the glimpses of Charles become increasingly rare. He was in his thirty-fourth year, and already despair held him securely in its clutches. He was a martyr to "spleen," as he writes. He was quarrelling with his mistress, and with his adherents for not discarding her. Goring left him, and the Earl Marischal cast him off. Guided by Pickle, the English Government was at length upon his track. On January 4, 1754, Dormer warned him that he was being sought for in Liège, and Charles transferred himself, with Clementina and their child, now to Lorraine, now to Paris, and at length to Switzerland. He was not many days distant from Paris during the progress of an unhappy correspondence with Goring. On January 13, 1754, Goring wrote a blunt criticism of Charles's conduct: "Sir, your friend's Mistress [Clementina] is loudly and publickly talked off, and all friends look on it as a very dangerous and imprudent step, and conclude reasonably that no Correspondance is to be had in that quarter without risk of discovery, for we have no opinion in England of female politicians, or of such women's secrecy in general. You are yourself much blamed for not informing our friends at first, that they might take the alarum, and

stop any present or future transactions with such a person." He touches another sore: "I have one thing more to lay before you of greatest Consequence: you order all your Catholick Servants to be discarded; consider, Sir, the thing well on both sides; first the good that it will produce on the one side, and the ill it may produce on the other; it may indeed please some few biggotted protestants, for all religions have their biggots, but may it not disgust the great number of ye people, to see you discard faithfull men, for some of them went through all dangers with you in Scotland, upon account of their religion, without the least provision made for them. Your saying, Sir, that necessity obliges you to do it, will look a little strange to those people who send you money, and know how far you can do good with it. I assure you, Sir, if you did necessary acts of Generosity now and then, that people may see plainly that you have a real tenderness for those that suffer for you, you would be the richer for it." He asked to be relieved of his service. Charles replied temperately on January 18, and promised not to discard any of his servants, "that is to say, for ye present." On February 26 Goring returned to the charge, and raised the complaint of Lord Elcho in the '45. His party, Goring now told Charles, desired "a Prince who will take advice, and rule according to law, and

not one that thinks his will is sufficient." Charles replied on March 6, hinting that "my friend [himself] has lost all patience." He took himself to Lorraine, and by April 14 was in Paris. He endeavoured to enlist the Earl Marischal's sympathy, but the Earl had lost faith in him. He, like Goring, rebuked Charles for maintaining his *liaison* with Miss Walkinshaw. He even accused him of threatening to advertize the names of his English adherents. Charles answered hotly, it was "a damned lie." But the Earl had done with him, and in June returned to Berlin. Goring went with him. Charles, on coming to Paris, had verbally dismissed him on the plea that Goring had revealed his retreat—another victim of the estimable Pickle. On May 5, in a dignified letter, Goring repelled the base charge, and refused to serve an ungrateful master any longer. Charles replied on May 10 in an hysterical outburst which betrays his excited mental condition. "For my part," he wrote, "I am true English, and want of no Equivocations, or Mental resarvations: will you serve me or not? will you obey me? have you any other Interest? Say yes or no, I shall be y^r friend iff you will serve me. If you have anybody preferable to me to serve, Let me alone; have you ye Interest of y^r Contre at hart, or a particular one, for my part I have but one God and one Country, and Untill I compas ye prosperity

of my Poor Cuntry shall never be at rest, or Let any Stone unturned to compas my Ends." Goring refused to serve him. He had twice, he wrote on May 16, "been turned off like a Common footman, with most opprobrious language, without money or cloaths." The rest of his life he would spend "in serving God and wishing you all prosperity." Poor man! he had little time for either. Under Marischal's influence he entered the Prussian service, and shortly after died.

The year 1755 found Europe once more arming for war. But Charles, by his conduct since 1746, had put it beyond the power of France or any other Court to regard him and his cause seriously. He had driven his friends, like Jehu his chariot, furiously. With his staunchest supporters and the most reputable he had quarrelled. Save for a few stalwarts he remained alone in his belief in his cause. But isolated as he was, he was as ready as in 1746 to press himself upon diplomatists, and to clamour for the military support which then had been denied him. The fact proclaims his spirit and his lack of political judgment alike. Since Goring and the Earl Marischal forsook him Charles had been in the neighbourhood of Basel. A letter from the English envoy at Berne, on May 28, 1756, revealed his retreat. He had been living "under the name of Thompson, as a private English gentleman, retired thither with his family,

which consisted of a lady, who passed for his wife, and went under the same name, and by her he has a daughter, an elderly gentleman in the figure of a near relation, who is charged with a kind of inspecting over his conduct, and two other attendants, who, though men of birth, appear in public in no better light than that of ordinary servants." A slender retinue! In April, 1755, Pickle gave news of him in France. Charles was provided with so many disguises, said that worthy, "that he has hitherto escaped unobserved; sometimes he wears a long false nose, which they call '*Nez à la Saxe*,' because Marshal Saxe used to give such to his Spies whom he employed. At other times he blackens his eye brows and beard, and wears a black wig, by which alteration his most intimate Acquaintance could scarce know him." His old flame Madame d'Aiguillon's servants recognised him, however, when he presented himself, "an ill-dressed stranger," at her door. By April 23 he had made proposals to the French Court. They were neglected or declined. From his father he got little comfort in his new disappointment. James wrote to him on May 20, and told him that he himself was his greatest enemy. Charles had to listen to home-truths from another quarter. In August, Cluny Macpherson, whom Charles had summoned in September, 1754, to bring him "all the effects whatsoever that I left in your hands,

also whatever money you can come at," joined the ranks of Charles's candid friends. James Dawkins, the joint author of the *Ruins of Palmyra,* had already described Charles as "entirely abandoned to an irregular, debauched life, even to excess, which brought his health, and even his life, daily in danger." Cluny and his constituents, therefore, begged Charles to reform, and to rid himself of Clementina. Charles had ever been impatient of counsel, still more of dictation. "Conscious of my conduct," he answered the memorialists, "I despise their low malice." "He would not put away a cat to please such fellows" was his attitude if not his phrase, as Lord Clancarty reports it. So the offerings of the faithful came in scantily, and Cluny had brought nothing from the much pilfered Loch Arkaig hoard. Even Charles's modest *ménage* at Basel was beyond his means. In December he was dismissing his servants. Sir Horace Mann set spies to watch their movements. "They were five in number, and all Scotch," he reported on December 20, 1755. "The names of three were Stuart, Macdonnel, and Mackenzy. They were dressed alike in the Pretender's livery, and said they had been with his Son in Scotland, upon which the people I employed asked where he was. They answered only, that they were going to Avignon, and should soon know, and in their merriment drank 'the

health of the Boy that is lost and cannot be found.' " Their native canniness was with them in their exile. Charles, in fact, was in such straits for money that on July 1, 1756, he pocketed his pride and begged Louis XV. to help him. "If I knew a Prince more virtuous than you, to him I would appeal," he wrote. Later he made overtures to Madame La Pompadour, with whom he had quarrelled in the old days.

Throughout the early years of the Seven Years' War, when disaster upon disaster befell England, Charles refused to abandon the hope that his long-withheld opportunity would come to him. In 1757 Frederick believed that France intended to employ him in Ireland. It is asserted that he had been offered the leadership of the attack upon Minorca in 1756, but had declined it brusquely, declaring that he would not be made use of as a mere *épouvantail*. He refused, in fact, to take part in any expedition which had not London as its objective. Certainly he was unreasonable, but France had never treated him in a manner to inspire much confidence, and he declined *tirer les marrons*. In 1759, that *annus mirabilis* for England, Charles watched his opportunity from the home of his cousin, the Duc de Bouillon. But Hawke's defeat of Conflans in Quiberon Bay in November rang the knell of his last hope. He was, one can imagine, not a pleasant companion.

In 1760 Clementina Walkinshaw fled from him with their child. "You pushed me to the greatest extremity," she excused herself to him, "and even despair, as I was always in perpetual dread of my life from your violent passions." She added: "It is reported that you are not yourself, that your head is quite gone." She hinted little more than the truth. Towards Clementina his wrath burnt fiercely. The child he mourned deeply. "I shall be in ye greatest affliction untill I guett back ye child, which was my only comfort in my misfortunes," he told Gordon, the physician. Charles made feverish endeavours to recover them. His servant tracked them to their lodging in Paris. Clementina "seemed much surprazed at seeing me," he told his master (July 31, 1760). "I reesoned the matter with her, but all to no purpose. She told me that she would sooner make away with herself than go back, and as for the Chylde, she would be cut to pieces sooner than give her up." Charles appealed to Louis, but in vain, and the unhappy woman and her child found refuge and peace in the Abbey of Nôtre Dame at Meaux. A solitary man, Charles hurried along his downward path. "I hear," one writes in June, 1761, "that the Pretender's eldest son is drunk as soon as he rises, and is always senselessly so at night, when his servants carry him to bed." He remained moodily at Bouillon. His father

was slowly dying, and in December, 1764, his brother Henry wrote to him to invite a reconciliation, with little effect. Henry looked to the future. He wished Charles to be at Rome in his own interests when James's end came. But Charles would not go to Rome. He had sworn an oath, and kept to it doggedly. "After all I have said and done," writes the Cardinal sadly on September 20, 1765, "I quite despair of everything; my only comfort is the consciousness of my having omitted nothing either to convince or persuade the Baron [Charles] to do what is for his true interest."

On January 1, 1766, James died at Rome. For many years he had been in but indifferent health. So early as April 24, 1756, Mann had reported to his Government: "The Pope has lately granted a privilege to the Pretender of an uncommon nature in the Roman Church, though very trifling in itself, to drink either broth or chocolate before he communicates, on account of his habitual indisposition of stomach, which prevents him from fasting so long as their Church prescribes before that ceremony. The Pope has wrote what is called a Decretal Letter on this subject, in which, among other examples, he quotes that of Pope Julius III., who granted the same privilege to Charles V. after his abdication." On January 20, 1759, Mann wrote again: "By the last accounts

from Rome I have been informed that the Pretender continues in the same weak state of health that I have often mentioned, that he has frequent fainting fits, proceeding from violent pains in his stomach. He sees very few people and speaks little, and upon the whole is looked upon to be in very great decay." In March, 1763, James was said to be "so weak that he never stirs out of his room." On November 9, 1765, Mann thought it "improbable that he can hold out long." James had lived true to his promise to his father. It had been said of James II. that he "risked" much on account of his religion. It may be said of his son that he had risked little because of it. In the heyday of his youth, it is true, he had dabbled in Simon Fraser's plot. In 1708 he had even sailed to Scotland, a hopeful adventurer. In 1715 he had made a depressing leader of an attempt already lost. But since then he had long played Henry VI. to his son's strenuous Queen Margaret. A peaceful restoration was the limit of his hopes, an impossible Utopia, as, perhaps, he knew. His burying befitted his titular majesty. With the crown of England on his head, the sceptre in his hand, the arms of Great Britain in gold and gems upon his breast, he was carried to the Church of the Apostles. Cardinals bore his pall. A thousand wax tapers flickered before him. There his body rested, the inscrip-

tion, JACOBUS, MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ REX, ANNO MDCCLXVI. above him. For three days he lay in state, and then passed to his last resting-place in St. Peter's.

On December 30, 1765, a few hours before his father's death, Charles left Paris to claim his new inheritance. Near Bologna his coach overturned, but without doing him damage. On January 23, 1766, Lumisden met him as he sped Romeward, and found him in "perfect health," but with "legs and feet considerably swelled by the fatigue of the journey." From his brother he received the utmost generosity after his many years of neglect. By their father's will James's savings—£250,000 Mann reported sceptically—were Henry's. He resigned them to the new King, and with them his own pension of 20,000 crowns from the Pope. But his efforts failed to obtain for Charles the Holy See's recognition of him as King. The Cardinal had sought an interview with the Pope immediately after James's death, and the French Ambassador at Rome had (unofficially, it was declared at Paris) supported the Cardinal's request. But the English Government had already sounded the European Courts. Vienna was friendly, and France, after a strong protest from England, foreswore her agent at Rome. On January 13, 1766, the College of Cardinals met, and resolved "that the Pope could not *per ora* grant what was demanded," so Mann

reported. A few months later he writes of a drunken brawl in which Charles, sword in hand, had pursued some of his household to the danger of their lives—*Cœlum non animum mutant!*

CHAPTER VI

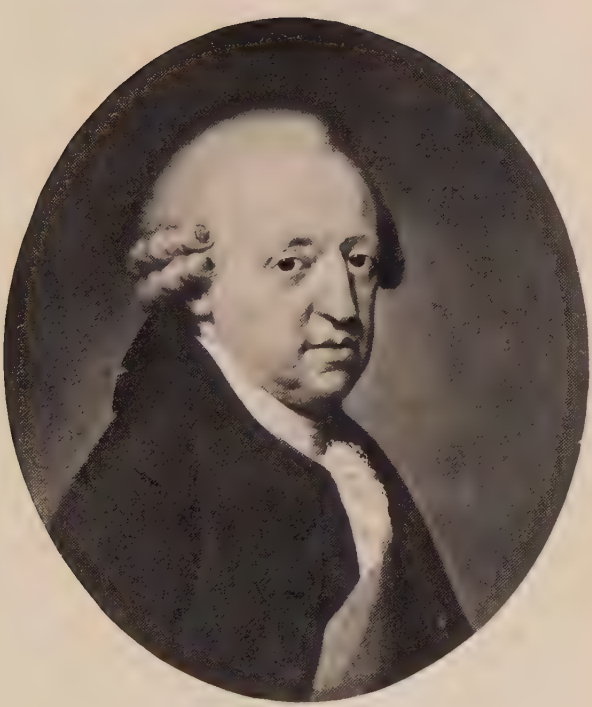
THE KING (1766—1788)

The Decay of Jacobitism—Charles's Amusements at Rome—His abiding Resentment against Clementina Walkinshaw—Lord Elcho duns Him for Money—Charles relapses—Visits the Pope, 1767—Dismisses Andrew Lumisden and Hay of Restalrig—Marriage Projects—Charles at Florence, 1770—In Paris, 1771—Louise of Stolberg—Charles marries Her, 1772—Charlotte's Letter—Charles refuses Help—Charlotte and Clementina at Rome, 1773—They are ordered to leave the City—Charles's Churlish Conduct towards Them—Charles at Siena—His Mythical Son, James Allen—Charles settles at Florence, 1774—His Relations with Louise—Vittorio Alfieri appears, 1777—Louise takes Refuge in a Convent, 1780—Alfieri and Charles—Louise at Rome—Alfieri follows—Charles's Protest, 1782—His Illness, 1783—Gustavus of Sweden at Florence, 1783—Deed of Separation between Charles and Louise, 1784—She joins Alfieri—Charles summons his Daughter Charlotte to join Him—He returns to Rome, 1785—His Death, 1788, and Will—Death of Charlotte, 1789—Death of Henry, 1807—Charles and Charles XII. of Sweden.

WHEN Charles came "home" to Italy in 1766 Jacobitism, once strenuous and daring, was dying. To that result Charles himself had largely contributed, but not entirely. George III. was young, popular, and, above all, English. His House had lived down its unpopularity, and under Pitt had carried England's fortunes to heights undreamed of. Scotland had conquered her prejudices. The once detested Union had proved no unsatisfactory bargain, and the quick-witted Scot had not failed to remark that the absence of his rulers was amply compensated by increased prosperity. The Highlands also, which for centuries had maintained an exclusive and isolated Celtic society, at length were submissive to those influences which Teutonism had exerted centuries before in the Lowlands, and with the like effect. Their glens and valleys sent their youth to fight for King George as cheerfully as ever their fathers had fought against him. Within a generation of the '45, says Scott, the Jacobites had come to be looked upon as "men who had proved their sincerity by sacrificing their interest to their principles." They lingered as a survival, a generation rapidly decaying, whose allegiance to King Charles it would have been folly to resent. "Such, for example," says Sir Walter in *Redgauntlet*, "was a gentleman of fortune in Perthshire, who, in having the news-

papers read to him, caused the King and Queen to be designated by the initial letters K and Q, as if, by naming the full word, he might imply an acquiescence in the usurpation of the family of Hanover. George III., having heard of this gentleman's custom in the above and other particulars, commissioned the member for Perthshire to carry his compliments to the steady Jacobite—'That is,' said the excellent old King, 'not the compliments of the King of England, but those of the Elector of Hanover, and tell him how much I respect him for the steadiness of his principles.'" Jacobitism, in fact, was no longer a menace, but a thing *pour rire.* After Charles's death England's bounty supported his brother, when the cataclysm of the French Revolution involved him in the universal ruin. George IV., then Prince Regent, who gave the monument which stands to their memory in St. Peter's at Rome, wrote up thereon the usurping titles of James III. and his two sons. Stuartism, in fact, was dead long before. It had outlived its own time, a curious projection of the seventeenth into the nineteenth century. George could afford to be magnanimous.

Charles was in his forty-sixth year when he succeeded to his titular dignity. He was probably too old to reform, yet one wonders how far an open recognition of his claim by the Holy See would have restored to him some glimmering



CHARLES III

old and devout. With his brother he continued to be on affectionate terms; his old grievances against him were forgotten. But against the hapless Clementina Walkinshaw his wrath kindled. She and her daughter, now aged thirteen, were still under the shelter of Nôtre Dame at Meaux. On July 14, 1766, Lumisden wrote to her, probably in answer to some inquiry on her part: "No one knows the King's temper better than you do." Poor woman! "He has never, so far as I can discover, mentioned your name. Nor do I believe that he either knows where you are, nor how you are maintained. His passion must still greatly cool before any application can be made to him in your behalf." In February, 1767, a rumour gained some credit, that Clementina was legally married to Charles. The statement touched the Cardinal nearly, as Charles's next of kin. At his direction Clementina was communicated with, and made a formal declaration that no marriage had taken place. Charles did not trouble himself to consider how his late mistress and their child lived. The Cardinal was their almoner. Charles, in fact, was lamentably neglectful of obligations to which honour should have bound him. Lord Elcho had lent him £1,500 years before, when Charles was at Edinburgh in 1745. He arrived in Rome towards the close of 1766 to press for the repay-

ment of the loan. Elcho employed one of the Cardinals to make his application, for he himself was hardly a *persona grata* to the new King. Charles admitted the debt, but refused payment until he succeeded to the throne. The money had probably been advanced upon that condition, but its fulfilment was even more remote in 1766 than in 1745. Elcho turned to Cardinal York for satisfaction, but got none. Yet Charles, if not wealthy, was sufficiently well off. His father's savings were his, and his income was adequate to his needs. Dr. King accuses him of miserliness, and there is nothing in Charles's conduct after 1766 to disprove the accusation.

As the novelty of his new life wore off, Charles relapsed gradually, and soon shamelessly, into his old habits. So early as February, 1766, one of his adherents wrote regretfully that the party despaired of assisting a Prince so openly and palpably degraded. His brother the Cardinal was soon writing despairingly of "the nasty bottle, that goes on but too much, and certainly must at last kill him." "I have very little to say," he writes in another letter, "except to deplore the continuance of the bottle; that, I own to you, makes me despair of everything, and I am of opinion that it is impossible for my brother to live if he continues in this strain. . . . I am seriously afflicted on his account when I reflect on the dismal situation he

puts himself under, which is a thousand times worse than the situation his enemies have endeavoured to place him [in], but there is no remedy except a miracle, which may be kept at last for his eternal salvation, but surely nothing else." "The Pretender," writes one who saw him at this time, "is naturally above the middle size, but stoops excessively; he appears bloated and red in the face, his countenance heavy and sleepy, which is attributed to his having given in to excess of drinking." The same person met him in one of the Roman *salons*. "At Princess Palestrina's he asked me if I understood the game of *Tarrochi*, which they were about to play at. I answered in the negative; upon which, taking the pack in his hands, he desired to know if I had ever seen such odd cards. I replied that they were very odd indeed. He then, displaying them, said, 'There is everything in the world to be found in these cards—the sun, the moon, the stars; and here,' says he, throwing me a card, 'is the Pope; here is the devil; and,' added he, 'there is but one of the trio wanting, and you know who that should be!'" Another visitor found him "rather handsome," but "his face ruddy and full of pimples." To this observer he appeared to be "absorbed in melancholy thoughts, a good deal of distraction in his conversation, and frequent brown studies." Charles

confessed that "time lay heavy upon him." Time, indeed, dragged heavily to one who once had been lauded as *everso missus succurrere sæclo.* That was twenty years ago, and now, as he told his brother, his was a "situation that cannot be amused with quails, or any diversion whatsoever." The Cardinal, at length, induced him to see the Pope. The interview took place in May, 1767. Satisfactory assurances were officially given to England that the visit was of a private character. Cardinal Albani told Sir Horace Mann that Charles would be "received without the slightest ceremony, and will have to make his appearance in plain dress." The visit passed off successfully. "God be praised," wrote Henry on May 12, "last Saturday evening, after a good deal of battleing upon very trifling circumstances, I carried my brother to the Pope's privately, as a private nobleman, by which means he certainly has derogated nothing of his just pretensions, and has at the same time fulfilled with an indispensable duty owing to the Head of the Church." Henry had been somewhat anxious. "The visit went much better than I expected," he continued. "The Pope was extremely well satisfied, and my brother seemed well enough content, though I asked him very few questions, and so I hope to draw from it a great deal of good, provided my brother does not obstruct all by his indocility and

most singular way of thinking and arguing, which, indeed, passes anybody's comprehension." Charles's "indocility" soon displayed itself. Andrew Lumisden, who acted as his secretary, and John Hay of Restalrig, had a tenderer care than himself for his own honour. They refused to accompany him on an occasion when he was too obviously intoxicated to be seen abroad. In December, 1767, he dismissed them, as he had Goring and others whose scruples had clashed with his will.

Probably the suggestion that Charles should marry came from many quarters. His supporters in Scotland, the few that remained, hoped for it, and later toasted enthusiastically his "Queen of Hearts." France desired it, not wishing the bogey of Jacobitism to become wholly extinct. Cardinal York also, one supposes, detected in matrimony a frail hope for his brother's tardy salvation. In January, 1770, Charles was negotiating with the Duc de Fitzjames for the hand of the daughter of the Duc de Deux-Ponts, a girl of seventeen. The proposal apparently came to nothing. In the summer, by his physician's advice, Charles left Rome for Pisa to take the baths. He was at Florence in August, on his way to his "cure." He was received there with some distinction, though the Grand Ducal Court ignored him. He returned thither from Pisa in the

autumn, but the Florentine aristocracy, obeying their instructions, received him coldly. According to Mann, and Charles's known character bears him out, the knowledge of how unwelcome his presence in Florence was determined Charles to prolong his visit. He remained on until the spring of 1771, and was induced to depart only after a serious admonition from Henry. The Cardinal exerted an authority to which Charles was forced to submit. He was wealthy, and contributed liberally to Charles's exchequer. In May, 1771, Charles was back in Rome, and contemplating a secret departure from the city, much as he had done in 1744. He secured a passport for himself (John Douglas) and one servant. France was his goal. On August 18 he left Siena, and before the end of the month he was once more in Paris, sheltered by a tailor named Didelot, and incongruously lodged in the Hôtel Brunswick, near the Rue St. Honoré. Louis was fully aware of Charles's visit, and promoted the matrimonial schemes which had drawn him from Italy. A Colonel Ryan, an Irishman in the French service, served Charles, as Wogan had served James, in beating the coverts for eligible Princesses. A "Miss Speedy," whom Mr. Lang identifies as Marie Louise, daughter of the Prince of Salm-Kyllburg, was the first proposal. She was eighteen, but sensible beyond

her years, and Charles's offer was rejected with emphasis.

Meanwhile England had got wind of Charles's visit, and suspected mischief, for Poland's fate engaged Europe at the moment. The Duc d'Aiguillon gave satisfactory assurances, and added that Charles had already been desired to return to Italy. Charles, in fact, then or later, left Paris, while Ryan continued the quest for a bride. On December 30, 1771, Ryan announced his success. He had found at Mons a girl of eighteen, Louise, daughter of the Prince de Stolberg. She, like Clementina Walkinshaw, was canoness of a *Chapitre noble.* Her father, in the Austrian service, had been killed at Leuthen in 1757. His widow, though rich in ancestry, was but poorly provided for the task of bringing up her four girls. Mr. Ewald, who pens the following lines to her, does her some injustice :

> "Here is a mother now
> Will truck her daughter for a foreign venture."

In truth, the Princesse de Stolberg was perfectly willing to marry her daughter to an elderly husband, and if Louise failed her, her third daughter, a child of fifteen, so Charles was informed, was ready for the sacrifice. But Louise desired no deputy. Her later life proclaims her complete ability to take care of herself, and for

LOUISE OF STOLBERG

the moment the prospect of Queenship was alluring. There can be little doubt that the bait was held out to her which had already attracted Charles towards matrimony, the prospect of recognition at Rome and of subsidies from France. *Spes nescia falli* was the motto of the Stolbergs, but Louise lived to know it misleading. Charles made no delay on his side. His bride was described to him as having "a good figure, a pretty face, and excellent teeth, with all the qualities which Your Majesty can desire." Charles directed Louise to proceed to Bologna by way of the Tyrol. She arrived there on April 11, 1772, and six days later (April 17)—Good Friday! —Charles was married to her at Macerata. She was nineteen and he fifty-two, and her wedding-ring bore a cameo of his head with this posy:

> "This Crown is due to you by me,
> And none can love you more than me."

At Macerata a friendly Cardinal placed his palace at the disposal of the bride and bridegroom. Two days after the wedding they proceeded to Terni. On April 22 they entered Rome, and passed to their home in the Palazzo dei Santi Apostoli. It was more noble than the "pretty house" at Ghent which Charles had furnished for another occupant exactly twenty years before, but it soon sheltered no less unhappiness.

The traditions of melodrama prescribe as necessary and appropriate the next event in Charles's life. Five days after his return to Rome his child Charlotte—his wife's contemporary—was writing from her abbey at Meaux to remind him of earlier and forgotten ties. To translate her letter would deprive it of its delightful *naïveté* and girlish straightforwardness. It follows, as Mr. Lang transcribes it:

"SIRE, C'est avec le plus profond respect, Mon Auguste Papa, que je prends la liberté de vous faire mon complimens sur votre établissement, et je supplie Votre Majesté d'etre très persuadés que Malgrés votre oublie, et le Néant horribles dans lequelles vous M[e] laissés, que cela Ne m'empecheras jamais de formés tous les vœux les plus sinceres pour tout ce qui peu faire votre bonheurs, et votre prospérité; Ne pouvants rien a'jouttés de plus, ayant épuissés tous les sentiments de mon cœur, dans le nombres infinies de lettres que j'ay eu l'honneur de vous écrires dont aucunes n'onts tracés sur vous, mon auguste Papa, ce qui est pour moy une preuves tres clairs de votre abandons totalles que je n'ai jamais Merité. Mais je vois qu'il faut prendres mon partis puisque personnes n'oses Même vous parlés de moy ny vous prononcés seulement mon noms, je me suis même adressés à Monsieur le principal [John] Gordon [of the Scots College in Paris], qui ma parus etre très touchés de mon état d'abandons, Mais il a ajouttes qu'il ne pouvois pas entreprendre de vous en écrires dans la craintes de déplaire à votre Majesté, et beaucoup d'autres m'ont dits la Même choses, de sortes, mon auguste Papa, je n'aures donc pour tout partager l'honneur que j'ai d'être votre fille que celui du désespoirs,

puisque je suis sans sort et sans état et condamnés conséquamment a ménés la vie du Monde la plus malheureuses et la plus Misérables : je n'ai donc d'autres résources que de supplié le ciel avec la plus vive instances d'abrégers mes tristes jours, qui ne sont que déjas trop remplis d'amertumes, et j'ay l'honneur de finirs, mon auguste Papa, avec un très profond respect

"Sire, de votre Majesté

"La très humble et très obéissante Servante
et fille tres infortunée

"CHARLOTTE.

"a l'abbaye de Notre Dame
de Meaux en Brie le 27 Avril 1772."

Charlotte's "auguste Papa," deaf to her earlier letters, answered this one. Through John Gordon he offered to receive her into his household at Rome. Clementina, naturally, he would have nothing to do with, and he conditioned his offer with the proviso that Charlotte also must break with her. Charlotte, no doubt, refused, and she and her mother came to Rome in 1773 to urge their cause in person. Probably Charles did not see them. They fared no better at his hands than had Elcho. They were ordered to leave the city, and returned to their old quarters at Meaux, or possibly to Paris. Early in 1774 Charles learnt from Gordon, of the Scots College, that Charlotte, in despair of receiving help from her father, was resolved to marry. It is difficult to imagine any cause, other than pure fractiousness, for Charles's answer to her proposal. He declined

to give her any help, and ordered Gordon (February 10, 1775) to tell her that if she married he would cast her off for ever. Gordon fulfilled his unpleasant task, but on February 27, 1775, relieved his feelings in the following letter to Charles :

"I communicated to the young lady in question the contents of your letter of the 10th, it tucht her to such a degree that I was sorry I had spok to her so friely. She seems, since she can have no word of consolation from you, inclined to marry the first who will seek her and has anuff to make her live ; since she is at present of a proper age, and if she were to wait much longer it is probable she would find none. The treatment she has at present is so precarious that in case no match offers she is resolved to go in to a begging order where she will trouble nobody afterwards, if she lives any time, which she does not believe will be the case, as her spirits are intirly brock, and the Doctor says that her Grief has given her an obstruction on the liver. All she desired was to be acknowledged as a Natural Daughter, and as she was only six years old when carried off [from Bouillon in 1760], that she ought not to [be] intirly ruined for a fault of which her age hindered her to be any ways partner. I am heartily sorry for her misfortunate situation and

CHARLOTTE DUCHESS OF ALBANY

think she deserves better, being esteemed by all who know her as one of the most accomplished young women in this town. Her health at present is not in a good way, and I believe my conference with her will make it worse: I beg therefore you will give me no more such commissions, as it hurts me much to be any ways, tho innocently, the occasion of the death of a person I esteem and respect much."

Charlotte lived to nobly requite her father in the days to come, but nine years were to elapse before she took her place by his side at Florence.

Charles's relations with his daughter have brought us to the year 1775. Meanwhile his conduct had been driving his young wife to take the step which Charlotte's mother had taken in the long-ago. Both Charles and Louise had been bitterly disappointed at the Pope's continued refusal to accord them recognition of their Royal position. For a time after his marriage Charles managed to control his craving for the "nasty bottle." He was genuinely proud of his young wife, though his constant attendance upon her tended to boredom in Louise, and to despair in her *cavaliere* Alfieri, when that somewhat pinch-beck Perseus flew to the rescue of his Andromeda. By December, 1773, Mann was reporting that of late Charles had given in to his besetting sin, and

was "seldom quite sober." He removed to Leghorn, and thence to Siena. Here, according to a farrago of romantic fiction published in 1847 by the two strange brothers, John Stolberg Sobieski Stuart and Charles Edward Stuart, in their *Tales of the Century*, a son was born to Charles and Louise, who was secretly entrusted to Captain (afterwards Admiral) Allen, and by him brought to England. This putative Stuart passed as James Allen, and was the father of the authors of the *Tales of the Century*. There are many strange features in the story unfolded by the brothers, and its main fact—the existence of a son of Charles and Louise—cannot possibly be maintained. There was no motive for the alleged concealment of the child's birth and origin, and both Charles and Louise left categorical statements that their marriage was childless. In the autumn of 1774 Charles took his wife to Florence, where later (1777) he acquired the Palazzo Guadagni, or San Clemente, in the Via San Sebastiano. As in 1770, the Grand Ducal Court held aloof from him, but Charles made no endeavour to assert his Kingship. He and his wife passed as the Comte and Comtesse d'Albany. He was very regular in his attendance at the Opera, and not infrequently in a drunken condition. His health broke down under the strain which for years he had put upon it. He was as restless as

the erratic Lord Peterborough, and at length Louise rebelled against his fatiguing demands upon her. On June 5, 1777, she wrote to him, "puisque votre Majesté ne veut pas entendre raison quand on lui parle." It was cruel, she told him, "d'obliger une pauvre femme à courir les rues par une chaleur horrible parceque Votre Majesté s'ennuie dans sa chambre." She enclosed a memorial which she intended to circulate among her friends for her justification, and signed herself "L'Humble Moitié de Votre Majesté." "In a duel of words," as Mr. Lang remarks, "Louise must always have been the victor."

Louise's remonstrance failed in effect, and the relations of the King and Queen hurried to the *dénouement* which had broken up James III.'s home half a century before, but in more reputable circumstances. There arrived at Florence, in the course of 1777, a young Piedmontese of genius and fortune, Vittorio Alfieri da Asti. He had travelled widely, had had many *liaisons*, and has pinned them to paper as a naturalist impales his butterflies. An acquaintance took him to the Palazzo Guadagni. Louise's dark eyes, fairest of skins, and literary tastes captivated him. Analyzing his emotions, as was his wont, he found symptoms which differentiated his "fourth and final heart-fever," so he calls it, from those

which had preceded it. For the first time his mind and intellect sang in unison with his heart. Above all, he discerned in Louise one who would inspire him athwart his Pegasus. The drama ran its inevitable course. Louise was horribly bored, and Alfieri a welcome distraction. They met constantly, but rarely in private, for Charles was jealous and increasingly exacting. Three years passed thus. The crisis arrived on November 30, 1780. It was St. Andrew's Day, and Charles had drunk even more than was his wont in honour of Scotland's patron saint. Whether Louise's relations with Alfieri had passed the bounds of correct Platonism is a moot point. Whatever their nature, Charles was madly jealous, and the wine impelled him to fury. He burst into his wife's room, and treated her "in the most indecent and cruel manner," Mann reported. He is said to have all but strangled her. Fear for her life as much as affection for Alfieri determined Louise to escape from her husband. She sought the help of a Madame Orlandini, the mistress of a young Irishman named Gehegan. Louise invited her to breakfast. After it a visit was proposed to a neighbouring convent, ostensibly to see the nuns' needlework. Charles suspected nothing, and accompanied the ladies in their coach. Gehegan was waiting at the convent door, and escorted Louise within. He returned to Charles, declaring that the door

had been rudely shut upon him. Charles thereupon alighted and thundered for admittance. He was told that Louise had put herself under the protection of the Grand Duchess, and perforce returned to Florence, vowing vengeance on Alfieri, and offering a thousand *sequins* to any who would rid him of him, says Mann (December 12, 1780). Charles made no secret of his suspicions regarding his wife's relations with Alfieri. His threatenings reached the poet at Naples. Gehegan, who had already drawn from Charles an apology for unbecoming references to himself, took up the cudgels on Alfieri's behalf. "It is said, Sir," he wrote to Charles, "that you call him a seducer, and attribute to him the separation between you and your most amiable Consort, whereas it is notorious to all Florence, that her state of health and daily sufferings forced her to that extremity." Alfieri, "conscious of his innocence, and justly surprised as well as irritated by such a calumny," declared Gehegan, was resolved "to return in the speediest manner to Florence to *Demand Satisfaction*," unless Charles meanwhile accorded it. Alfieri, however, was baulked of the dramatic *finale* which Gehegan invited. Meanwhile Louise from her refuge near Florence had written (December 9, 1780) to her brother-in-law, Cardinal York, to propose her return to Rome and to enlist his sympathy.

Henry replied from Frascati on December 15, 1780. He had long anticipated, he told her, the step which she had taken. He approved of her intention to return to Rome, and, in concert with the Pope, had arranged for her to withdraw to the Convent of the Ursulines, which had sheltered Charles's mother when she, like Louise, left her husband. The Pope also sent (December 16) his assurance of sympathy and help, and on December 30, 1780, Louise quitted her Florentine refuge for Rome. Gehegan and Alfieri, disguised and armed on the box, watched against a possible rescue during the first part of the journey. At Rome Louise was treated "with the greatest attention," writes Mann (January 23, 1781). Charles's allowance from the Papal revenue was docked considerably on her behalf. The Cardinal was generous to her, and France gave her a pension. Soon she left the Convent for Henry's house. Her mother was expected in the spring to take her to Paris. But Louise planned otherwise.

Alfieri was not long in following his mistress. He arrived at Rome, and rented the Villa Strozzi, near the Baths of Diocletian. The spot was congenial to his poetic temperament — the man nurtured his emotions as a youth his moustache! He was allowed ready access to his Psipsia—so he called her—and the Cardinal was unsuspicious. In December, 1782, Charles commissioned the

Prince Corsini to request the Vatican, on his behalf, to send back his wife to him, to restore to him his full pension, and to dismiss Alfieri from Rome. Pius VI. refused to satisfy him on a single particular. As to Alfieri, he hoped that "many gentlemen of equal merit" would honour Rome with their presence. Alfieri and Louise, however, had all but reached the limit of their credit. In March, 1783, Charles was attacked by a serious illness. The Cardinal was summoned, and hastened to Florence. Meanwhile (March 23-25) Charles had made his will, and had appointed his daughter Charlotte, whom on March 30 he legitimated, his heir. He designated her "Duchess of Albany." To his brother, upon his arrival, he gave an account of his wife's relations with Alfieri before her flight from Florence. That the Cardinal was impressed by Charles's story is clear from his subsequent conduct. Upon his return to Rome Henry had an interview with the Pope. The result of it was an admonition to Alfieri to quit Rome within fifteen days. On May 4, 1783, he withdrew to Siena, a very disconsolate Psipsio. With Psipsia he continued to correspond voluminously.

In the winter of 1783 a *Deus ex machinâ* appeared at Florence in the person of Gustavus III. of Sweden. Through his instrumentality the relations between Charles and his wife were placed

upon an intelligible, if not a satisfactory, footing. Mann reported the terms of the settlement on May 8, 1784. Louise secured "an amicable divorce *a mensâ et thoro*, and liberty to reside where she pleases." On her part she surrendered her pin-money, 15,000 *livres per annum*, and the allowance, £1,000, which the Cardinal had diverted to her from Charles's pension since his separation from his wife. But Louise was by no means left penniless. From France since her separation she received a pension of 60,000 *livres*, and at her husband's death would receive a dowry of 6,000 crowns from his estate. Charles, if money was really precious to him, was better off than during his married life. Mann computed his income at £2,500 *per annum* from the Vatican, and over £2,000 *per annum* from the French funds. The Cardinal at the same time surrendered to him his share of the Sobieski jewels and family plate. The golden shield which the Emperor Leopold had presented to the famous John Sobieski, the deliverer of Vienna, was soon transferred from Rome to Charles's palace at Florence. The Great Ruby of Poland, however, and other jewels were left in the Mont-de-Piété at Rome, redeemable by Poland, but never redeemed.

Released from her husband, Louise was not long before she flew to her lover. She left Italy and joined him at Colmar in August, 1784, and

after some stay accompanied him thence to Paris. She was there when Napoleon was meditating an invasion of England. Mr. Lang records an interesting episode in her life at that period. Napoleon sent for her. She went, and awaited her audience in a large and empty room in the palace. Napoleon entered and asked her bluntly: "Madame, had you ever a child?" "No, Sire," she answered. Napoleon turned on his heel and left her. At Paris Louise heard of the death of her husband, and was moved to genuine grief at the news, Alfieri declares. The *bouleversement* of the Revolution drove them from Paris to England. She went to Court, and was "not at all embarrassed," says Horace Walpole. But the Queen eyed her "earnestly." After many wanderings she and Alfieri returned to Italy, and settled at Florence. In 1803 Alfieri died, making her world, his Countess declared, a desert. She survived him, however, for over twenty years, and the painter Fabre soon reigned in Psipsio's stead. In 1824 she died, the last of those whose fortunes had closely touched Prince Charles's.

The formal separation from Louise relieved Charles from a position which he had bemoaned as "cruelle, tyrannique, injuste," and even "barbare." He was over sixty years of age, and older than his years, broken, dyspeptic, irritable, suspicious. Above all, he was lonely, and Louise,

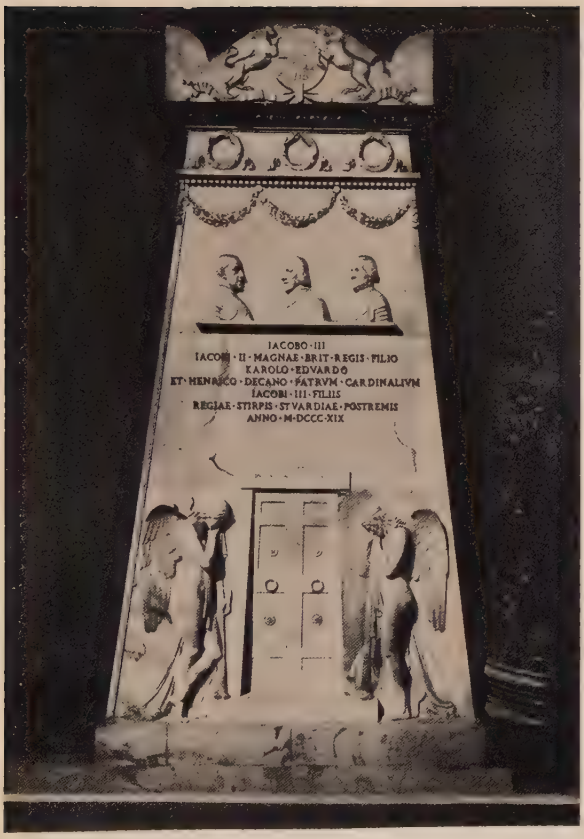
perhaps, had left a wider chasm in his life than he had thought possible. Whatever the motive that impelled him, he turned to his daughter Charlotte, and (July, 1784) begged her to take pity upon his loneliness. Charlotte's "auguste Papa" had at length unbended. In October, 1784, she joined him at Florence. He welcomed her with genuine affection, and on St. Andrew's day (November 30) invested her with the Order of St. Andrew. The old palace awoke to something of its earlier gaiety in Charles's efforts to please and to entertain her. He gave balls, and drowsed while his guests danced. He lived, too, a cleaner and better life, for his new-found daughter was a young woman of tact and determination, who kept him in order, though with difficulty. The "nasty bottle" entertained him in moderation. The repentance and conversion of the prodigal, a vista once so remote to the anxious Cardinal, seemed almost in prospect, and the Pope offered his congratulations on the tardy dawn of grace. But physically Charles grew weaker and weaker. "His mind seems to approach that of imbecillity," reported Mann. One of his visitors, Mr. Greathead, a friend of Fox, encouraged him to speak on one occasion of his great adventure forty years back. Charles kindled as he recounted his exploits in that far-off time. He recalled the fate of those who had followed him, until, excited

by the reminiscence, he sank to the ground in convulsions. Charlotte hurried into the room. "Oh, sir!" she said to Greathead, "what is this? You must have been speaking to my father about Scotland and the Highlanders. No one dares to mention those subjects in his presence." He was "so bothered in the head," Charles writes of himself. In December, 1785, the Cardinal induced him to return to Rome. His physicians feared he was too weak to undertake the journey, but he accomplished it in easy stages, setting out from Florence on December 2. In the spring of 1786 he had a relapse, and in the summer removed to Albano. There, sick to the death himself, he "touched" others for the scrofula. In the winter he returned to Rome. A year later, early in January, 1788, he was stricken with paralysis. He lingered throughout the month, and on January 31 died in his daughter's arms. As he had come into the world, so he went out of it appropriately, on the last day of the month. He was, indeed, the *spes ultima* of a cause whose summer had long since faded to winter.

In accordance with his will, executed in 1784, Charlotte was left residuary legatee of her father's property. He had but little to leave. His pension amounted to about £2,400, and he possessed about £1,700 in investments. His jewels were inventoried later at nearly £27,000,

and included certain *insignia* which James II. had taken with him on his hurried flight from England. Charles's palace at Florence and the furniture it contained were sold by his daughter, and realized £6,517. Charlotte did not long enjoy the income with which her father had tardily endowed her. She died in 1789, from injuries caused by a fall from her horse. The Cardinal, upon the death of Charles, had assumed his title as Henry IX. None knew better than he its empty and fruitless character: his medal bore the legend *Gratia Dei sed non Voluntate Hominum.* In 1798 a party of French *banditti* forced him to fly from his retreat at Frascati, a ruined man. His large revenues in Italy had been swallowed up in Bonaparte's scourging of Italy. His benefice in Spain was absorbed by the pensions with which his own kindliness or the bequests of his father and brother had burdened him; they included a sum of 3,000 crowns to Clementina Walkinshaw, till her death in 1802. His sad lot moved the generosity of George III., and from him the Cardinal accepted with gratitude a yearly pension of £4,000. He died in 1807, the last descendant, in direct male succession, of Mary Stuart.

One monument in St. Peter's perpetuates the memory of Charles, his father and brother, the last three Stuart Kings. A single epitaph thereon speaks for their lives so strangely diverse:



THE STUART MONUMENT IN ST. PETER'S

Beati Mortui qui in Domino moriuntur. To Charles, with his poor, wasted, rudderless life, the words seem faintly applicable. The good died young within him from the day when he turned his back upon Scotland and the one chance which miserly Fate allowed him. Yet to his youth of high promise, and the cruel wrecking of its once swelling hopes, Johnson's elegy upon Charles XII. of Sweden seems not wholly inapplicable:

> "A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
> No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
> No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
> War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field.
>
> * * * * *
>
> The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
> And shows his miseries in distant lands;
> Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait,
> While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
> But did not chance at length her error mend?
> Did no subverted empire mark his end?
> He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
> To point a moral or adorn a tale."

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INDEX

ABERCHALDER, Charles at, 58.
Aberdeen, Cope marches to, 60; Lord Lewis Gordon at, 75; Cumberland marches from, 82.
Achnacary, Charles at, 116, 117.
Aiguillon, Duc d', reassures England as to Charles's visit to Paris, 186.
Aiguillon, Madame d', and Charles, 136, 168.
Aix-la-Chapelle, Treaty of, 137.
Albani, Cardinal, gives assurances as to Charles's visit to Clement XIII., 183.
Albano, Charles leaves Rome towards, 40; Charles "touches" for scrofula at, 201.
Albany, Charlotte Duchess of, birth of, 163; baptized at Liège, *ib.*; her mother takes her to Meaux, 171; her letter to Charles, 188; resolves to marry, 189; appointed Charles's heir, 197; joins Charles at Florence, 200; death of, 202.
Albemarle, William Anne Earl of, in Scotland, 82, 115; at Paris, 154, 160.
Alberoni, Cardinal, invites James to Spain, 18; Clementina and, 27.
Alfieri, Vittorio, arrives at Florence, 193; his relations with Louise, 194; demands satisfaction of Charles, 195; follows Louise to Rome, 196; ordered to leave Rome, 197; Louise joins, 198; death of, 199.
Allen, James, putative son of Charles and Louise, 192.
Amours de Mlle. Fanfiche, Charles asks for, 153.
Anderson, Robert, of Whitburgh, aids Charles at Prestonpans, 65.
Antibes, Charles at, 41.
Antwerp, Charles's agent at, 147; Charles sails for London from, 148.
Aquaviva, Cardinal, furnishes Charles with passports, 40.
Argenson, Marquis d', communicates Louis XV.'s proposal to Charles, 128.
Arles, Archbishop of, letter of Queen Mary to, 10.
Ashbourne, Charles retreats through, 72.
Athalie, Charles asks for, 153.
Atholl, William titular Duke of, sails to Scotland with Charles, 49, 50; unfurls the Standard at Glenfinnan, 55; opposes Lovat's advice, 58; heads a column into England, 68.
Auchterarder, burning of, 14.
Aumont, Duc d', James III. said to have stayed in London (1702) with, 8.
Avignon, James III. at, 15, 30; Charles writes from, 130; Charles at, 139; Charles ordered to leave, 140; Charles's household at, broken up, 155; Charles's Highland servants going to, 169.

BALMERINOCH, Arthur Lord, joins Charles, 68.
Bannockburn, Charles at, 75, 76, 79, 156.

Barcelona, Charles at, 131.
Bar-le-Duc, James III. at (1713), 11; James returns to (1716), 15.
Basel, Charles at, 167, 169.
Bavaria, Elector of, proposes his daughter to James III., 16.
Beauvoisin, Charles at, 139.
Belle Isle, Charles sails from, 49.
Benalder, Charles in, 116.
Benbecula, Charles sails to, 94, 97; Charles in danger at, 99; Charles returns to, 103.
Benedict XIII., Pope, Charles's rudeness to, 25; remonstrates with James, 28; Charles repeats his Catechism to, 29.
Benedict XIV., Pope, his monument to Clementina, 35; forced to abandon Charles, 140; grants James a dispensation from fasting, 172.
"Benn," Mr., Charles's *incognito*, 142.
Berlin, Charles said to have been at, 154.
Berwick, James Duke of, writes to James III. regarding his marriage, 15, 16.
Berwick, troops at, 56.
Betham, Dr. John, tutor to James III., suspected of Jansenism, 8.
"Betty Burke," Charles's *incognito*, 102.
Bien Trouvée, the, cruises in search of Charles, 115; captured, 116.
Biran, Duc de, and Charles's arrest at Paris, 138.
Black Isle, Loudoun retreats to, 81.
Blair Castle, siege of, 82.
Blakeney, Major-General William, in command at Stirling Castle, 75.
Blandford, Marquis of, his asserted visit to Charles (1721), 22.
Bolingbroke, Henry Viscount, effigy of, 13.
Bologna, proxy marriage of James III. at, 18, 27; James withdraws from Rome to, 29; Charles at, 36, 174; Louise of Stolberg arrives at, 187.
Borradale, Charles lands at, 54; returns to, 93, 114.
Bouillon, Duc de, Charles the guest of, 46, 170.
Boulogne-sur-Mer, Charles believed to be at, 153.
Braemar, Mar raises the Standard at, 12.
Burke, Edward, guides Charles from Culloden, 92.
Byng, Sir George, chases Forbin from the Forth, 9.

CAMERON, Alexander, of Clunes, searches for Charles, 119.
Cameron, Dr. Archibald, sent to meet Charles, 116; Charles's proposal to, 117; summoned to meet Charles at Menin, 159; arrest and death of, 160.
Cameron, Donald, of Lochiel, summoned by Charles, 52; visits Charles, 53; agrees to raise his clan, 54; marches to Glenfinnan, 55; surprises Edinburgh, 62, 63; wounded at Culloden, 86; lurking near Loch Arkaig, 98; Charles joins, in Benalder, 116; opposes Charles's proposal to raise the clans, 117.
Cameron, Duncan, acts as Charles's cook in Eriska, 50.
Campbell, Donald, lends Charles his boat in Scalpa, 95; in fear of arrest, 97.
Campbell, Hon. John, of Mamore, attempts to capture Charles, 99, 115.
Caravajal, Spanish Minister, receives Charles at Madrid, 131, 132
Carlisle, Charles marches upon, 68; Charles enters, 69; Charles marches from, 70, 75; fall of, 75.
Carlos, Don, invades the Two Sicilies, 32; receives Charles at Gaeta, 33.
Cartouche, Charles writes as, 144.
Chalons-sur-Marne, James III. at, 10.
Chambéry, Charles at, 139.
Charles VI., Emperor, his sister or niece hoped for for James III., 15; death of, 37.
Charles XII., King, Johnson's elegy on, applicable to Charles, 203
Charles Edward Stuart, Prince, titular Charles III., his char-

acter in romance and in fact, 21; birth of, 22; reported to be deformed and sickly, *ib.*; proposal to send to Scotland, 23; his precocious activity, 24; early musical tastes, 25; his tutors, *ib.*; is received by the Pope, *ib.*; indifferent to religion, 26; says his Catechism to the Pope, 28; Stafford becomes his tutor, 31; his appearance and diversions in 1727, *ib.*; said to have threatened Lord Dunbar, 32; at the Siege of Gaeta, 33; his pluck, *ib.*; sails to Naples, 34; returns to Rome, *ib.*; his mother's death, 35; Charles and his father, *ib.*; makes a tour of Italy, 36; plays the violoncello, 37; wears Highland dress at a carnival ball, 38; invited to France by Tencin, 39; his journey thither, *ib.*; at Gravelines, 41; wreck of the French transports, 42; conceals himself in Paris, *ib.*; declares his resolution to proceed to Scotland, 43; rashness of his project, 46; informs his father of it, 47; his equipment, *ib.*; sails from Nantes, 48; arrives at Eriska, 50; discouraging reception, 51; crosses to Lochnanuagh, 52; conversation with Lochiel, 53; dismisses the *Du Teillay*, 54; raises the Standard in Glenfinnan, 55; reward offered for the apprehension of, 56; Lord Lovat communicates with, 57; at Lude, 59; organizes his army at Perth, 59; advances on Edinburgh, 60; summons Edinburgh, 61; enters Edinburgh, 63; advances to meet Cope, 64; returns to Edinburgh, 68; advances on Carlisle, *ib.*; enters Carlisle, 69; advances to Derby, 70; reluctantly agrees to retreat, 72; at Glasgow, 75; lays siege to Stirling Castle, 76; at the battle of Falkirk, 77; returns to Bannockburn, 79; sanctions retreat from Stirling, 80; the "rout of Moy," 81; captures Inverness, *ib.*; the night-march to Nairn, 84; the battle of Culloden, 85; his plans and conduct after the battle, 89; his flight to the coast, 92; at Borradale, 93; proposes to send a message to Sir Alexander Macdonald, 94; his voyage to Stornoway, 95; his presence revealed, 96; sails to Euirn, *ib.*; returns to Benbecula, 97; at Coradale, in South Uist, 98; sails to Wiay, but returns to Coradale, 99; parts from Donald Macleod at Loch Boisdale, 100; meets Flora Macdonald, 101; plan for his escape, 102; dons his disguise as "Betty Burke," 103; sails to Skye, 104; Lady Margaret Macdonald gives help, 105; proceeds to Kingsburgh, 106; at Kingsburgh, 107; proceeds to Portree, 109; bids farewell to Flora, 110; sails to Raasa, but doubles back to Skye, 111; goes on foot to Elgol, *ib.*; Old Mackinnon gives help, 112; returns to the mainland, 113; in Borradale, 114; breaks through the *cordon* of troops, 115; in the Glenmoriston cave, *ib.*; hears of a French ship, 116; joins Lochiel in Benalder, *ib.*; proposes to raise the clans, 117; moves to Cluny's "Cage," *ib.*; wild rumours of his whereabouts, 118; learns the arrival of French ships in Lochnanuagh, *ib.*; goes on board, 119; sails to France, 120; his moral collapse after the '45, 122-124; his attitude towards Rome, 125; misunderstanding between Prince Henry and, *ib.*; greets Henry on his return, 126; is "broader and fatter," *ib.*; received by Louis XV., *ib.*; learns the hollowness of France's professions, 128; his diplomatic methods, 129; rejects Tencin's proposal to cede Ireland, *ib.*; marriage projects, 130; leaves Paris for Madrid, *ib.*; is desired to depart from Madrid, 132; returns to Paris, *ib.*; estrangement between Prince Henry and, 133; James seeks to reconcile him to Henry's

Cardinalate, 135; under petticoat influence, 136; required to leave France, 137; is arrested and expelled, 138; at Avignon, 139; compelled to leave Avignon, 140; in Lorraine, 141; visits Paris, 142; at Strassburg, *ib.;* invites the Earl Marischal to write to him at Venice, 143; ordered to leave Venice, *ib.;* his "nest" in Paris, 144; asks Mlle. Ferrand to receive his letters there, *ib.;* his relations with Mme. de Talmond, 145, 146; financial difficulties, 146; is reading Fielding's novels, *ib.;* resolves to visit London, 147; his preparations, *ib.;* his commission as Prince Regent renewed, 148; in London, *ib.;* becomes a Protestant, *ib.;* his defence of that step, 149; leaves London for Paris, 151; quarrels with Mme. de Talmond, *ib.;* disappears from Paris and is lost sight of, 152; asks for books, 153; said to have been in Berlin, 154; sounds the Earl Marischal, *ib.;* financial difficulties, 155; closes his house at Avignon, *ib.;* at Ghent as the "Chevalier William Johnston," *ib.;* Clementina Walkinshaw joins him, 156, 158; the Elibank plot, 158; Charles ready to go to England, 159; suggested to have been at Godalming, 160; in Paris, *ib.;* alarmed at Archibald Cameron's arrest, 161; wandering in Flanders, 162; birth of his daughter, 163; takes his family to Switzerland, 164; Goring remonstrates with, 165; quarrels with the Earl Marischal, 166; at Basel, 167; his disguises, 168; breaks up his household at Basel, 169; asks Louis XV. to help him, 170; Clementina leaves him, 171; invited to Rome, 172; sets out for Rome, 174; the Pope refuses to recognize him as King, *ib.*, 175; his amusements at Rome, 175; his treatment of Miss Walkinshaw, 180; resumes his bad habits, 181; has audience of the Pope, 183; his marriage suggested, 184; visits Paris, 185; marries Louise of Stolberg, 187; his treatment of his daughter Charlotte, 188-191; Charles again relapses, 191; his putative son, James Allen, 192; Louise remonstrates with, 193; Louise leaves, 194; Alfieri and, 195; requests the Vatican to expel Alfieri, 196; separation between Louise and, 198; summons his daughter Charlotte, 200; death of, 201; his will, *ib.;* Johnson's elegy on Charles XII. applicable to, 203.

Choiseul, Étienne François Duc de, Charles's hiding-place in Paris revealed to, 144.

Cisterna, Charles arranges a hunting party at, 39.

Clancarty, Lord, at Paris, 132; Charles's refusal to put away Miss Walkinshaw reported by, 169.

Clarissa Harlowe, Charles asks for, 153.

Clement XI., Pope, James III. announces his father's death to, 7; James announces his majority to, 8.

Clement XII., Pope, gives Charles his blessing on his departure to Gaeta, 33.

Clement XIII., Pope, refuses to recognize Charles as King, 174; Charles visits, 183.

Clementina Maria Sobieska, Princess, Wogan recommends her as James III.'s wife, 17; imprisoned at Innsbruck, *ib.;* married to James, 18, 19; birth of Charles, 22; her quarrel with James, 24, 25; birth of Prince Henry, 26; leaves James, 27, 28; returns to him, 29; James joins her at Rome, 30; death of, 34; monument in St. Peter's, 35.

Clifton, skirmish at, 74.

Cluny's "Cage," 117.

Coblentz, Charles at, 162.

Cologne, Charles at, 161, 162.

Colt Brig, the "canter" of, 61.

Commercy, Madame de Talmond retires to, 152.

Condillac, Étienne Bounot de,

frequents Mme. de Vassé's *salon*, 145.
Congleton, Lord George Murray makes a feint on, 71.
Convent of St. Joseph, Charles's refuge in Paris, 144.
Convent of the Ursulines, Clementina seeks refuge in, 27; Louise withdraws to, 196.
Cope, Sir John, his campaign against Charles, 56, 57, 58, 60, 61, 62, 64, 66, 67.
Coradale, Charles at, 98; Charles returns to, 99, 101, 102.
Corryarrack, Pass of, Cope declines to force the, 57; Charles's army marches through the, 58.
Corsini, Prince, represents Charles's wishes to Pius VI., 197.
Corstorphine, Charles at, 61.
Cullen, Cumberland advances to, 82.
Culloden, battle of, 85.
Cumberland, William Augustus Duke of, his campaign in Scotland, 68, 70, 72, 73, 75, 82, 83, 85, 113, 114.

DALWHINNIE, Cope marches to, 57.
Dawkins, James, describes Charles's irregular life, 169.
De Brosses, Charles, his opinion of James III., 7; his story of Charles's hat, 34; attends one of Charles's musical evenings, 37.
Deffand, Madame du, frequents Mme. de Vassé's *salon*, 145.
Derby, Charles marches to, 71; retreats from, 72.
Deux-Ponts, Duc de, suggested marriage between Charles and a daughter of, 184.
Didelot, M., Charles's host in Paris, 185.
Dijon, Charles at, 142.
Dormer, Hon. James, Charles's agent at Antwerp, 147; refuses to allow Charles to overdraw his account, 154; asked to send Charles newspapers, 162; warns Charles to leave Liège, 164.
Douai, Clementina Walkinshaw goes to, 157.

"Douglas, John," Charles's *incognito*, 185.
Doutelle, the, *vide Du Teillay*.
Drummond, Lord John, brings reinforcements from France, 75; withdraws from Spey-side, 82.
Drummond, William, of Balhaldy, represents the Jacobites in France, 39.
Duddingston, Charles draws up his army at, 64.
Dudepet, Monsieur, made prisoner while searching for Charles, 115.
Dunbar, Cope lands at, and marches upon Edinburgh, 61, 62, 64.
Dunkirk, James III. sails from (1708), 9; French expedition fitted out at (1744), 41, 42.
Durand, Colonel, in command at Carlisle, 69.
Du Teillay, the, provided for Charles by Walsh, 48; log of, 49; conveys Charles to Lochnanuagh, 52; returns to France, 54.

EAU, Captain d', engages the *Lion*, 49.
Edgar, James, letter of, 31; miniature of Clementina belonging to, 34; Charles describes his equipment (1745) to, 47; Charles writes to, regarding his journey to Venice, 143; Pickle writes to, concerning the Elibank plot, 160.
Edinburgh, summoned by Charles, 61; surprized by Lochiel, 62; Charles enters, 63; Hawley marches to Falkirk from, 76.
Elcho, David Lord, accuses Charles of cowardice, 33; joins Charles at Edinburgh, 64; accompanies Charles into England, 68; demands repayment of a loan from Charles, 180.
Elgol, Charles at, 112.
Elibank plot, the, 158.
Elizabeth, the, to accompany Charles to Scotland, 48; fights the *Lion*, 49; returns to France, 50.
Eriska, Charles lands at, 50.

L'Esprit des Lois, Charles asks for, 153.
Euirn, Charles at, 96.

FABRE, the painter, succeeds Alfieri in Louise's affections, 199.
Falkirk, Hawley evacuates, 79.
Falkirk, battle of, 76.
Fane, Mr., prevents Florence from publicly receiving Charles, 36.
Faure, Jean, dancing-master to James III., 31.
Ferdinand VI., King, Charles sends a letter to, 131; Charles received by, 132.
Fergusson, Captain John, at Nunton, 104.
Ferrand, Mademoiselle, Charles writes to, 144; Mme. de Talmond jealous of, 145; asked to procure books for Charles, 146; offers Charles a hiding-place, 152; asked to obtain more books for Charles, 153; death of, 158.
Ferrara, Charles at, 36.
"Fifteen," the, 12-15.
Finsbay, Charles alarmed by ships off, 97.
Fitzjames, Duc de, letter to, 33; Charles negotiates with, regarding his marriage, 184.
Flanders, Charles's wanderings in, 162.
Fleury, Cardinal, death of, 39.
Florence, Charles at, 36, 184, 185, 192; Gustavus III. visits Charles at, 197; Louise and Alfieri settle at, 199.
Forbes, Duncan, Lord President, informed of Charles's arrival in Scotland, 56; Lovat in correspondence with, 58.
Forbin, Comte de, conducts James III. to Scotland, 9.
Fort Augustus, Cope unable to reach, 57; besieged by the Frasers, 75; surrenders, 82; expected rally after Culloden at, 89-91; Cumberland at, 113; troops in search of Charles return to, 114.
Fort William, troops cut off on their way to, 57; withstands a siege, 82.
Forth, Firth of, James III. arrives at, 9.
Frankfort-on-the-Main, Charles at, 162.
Fraser of Gortleg, brings a message from Lovat to Charles, 57.
Frederick the Great, King, said to have received Charles at Berlin, 154; Jacobites have hopes of, 164; believes that France intends to employ Charles, 170.
Frew, Fords of, Charles crosses the, 60.
Fribourg, suggested for Charles's residence, 137.
Furnes, Charles at, 160.

GAETA, Charles at the siege of, 32, 33.
Gardiner, Colonel, house of, 65.
Gaydon, Mr., aids Clementina's escape from Innsbruck, 18.
Gehegan, Mr., aids Louise to escape from Charles, 194; demands an apology from Charles, 195.
Genoa, Charles at, 36, 40.
George I., protest against the accession of, 12; death of, 30.
George II., King, accession of, 30; loyal addresses to, 67.
George III., King, sends his compliments to a Perthshire Jacobite, 178; grants a pension to Cardinal York, 202.
George IV., King, his monument to the Stuarts in St. Peter's, 178, 202.
Geraldine, Sir Thomas, Charles communicates with, 131; conducts Charles from Madrid, 132.
Gèvres, Duc de, endeavours to induce Charles to leave Paris, 137.
Ghent, Charles takes a house at, 155; Clementina Walkinshaw joins Charles at, 156; Charles writes from, 161.
Giffard, Mr., asserts James III. to have been in London in 1702, 8.
Glam, Charles arrives at, 111.
Glasgow, Charles at, 75.
Glasgow, H.M.S., 116.
Glenaladale, Charles at, 55, 119.
Glencannich, Charles at, 116.
Glen Dessary, 116.
Glenfinnan, Charles raises the

Standard at, 55; sets out from, 57.
Glenmoriston, Charles in the braes of, 115, 116.
Glenpean, Charles at, 92.
Glenshiel, battle of, 19; Charles passes through, 115.
Godalming, Charles supposed to have been at, 160.
Gordon, Principal John, Charles's daughter enlists the sympathy of, 188, 189; his letter to Charles, 190.
Gordon, Lord Lewis, at Aberdeen, 75.
Gordon, Mirabelle de, plans the assault of Stirling Castle, 76.
Gordon of Glenbucket, his regiment enters England with Charles, 69.
Gordon, Dr., letter of Charles to, 171.
Goring, Henry, accompanies Charles on his Italian tour (1737), 36; Charles leaves Avignon with, 140; sent to Paris by Charles, 142; carries letters to the Earl Marischal, 143; sent to London to get money, 146; arranges for Charles's expedition at Antwerp, 147; letter to Charles from, 152; sounds the Earl Marischal at Paris, 154; objects to bringing Miss Walkinshaw to Charles, 157, 158; warns Charles to leave Cologne, 161; Charles writes to, 163; condemns Charles's conduct, 164-166; death of, 167.
Gortleg, Charles at, 89, 92.
Graeme, John, Prince Henry to consult, 126; describes Charles's appearance on his return from Scotland, 127; Charles in his house at Paris, 163.
Grant of Glenmoriston, joins Charles at Holyrood, 64.
Grante, Colonel James, brings guns from France, 69.
Gravelines, Charles at, 41, 42.
Gray's Mills, Charles encamps at, 61.
Greathead, Mr., visits Charles at Rome, 200.
Guadalajara, Charles at, 131, 132.
Gustavus III., King, Charles tells his adventures in London (1750) to, 148; visits Charles at Florence, 197, 198.

Habeas Corpus Act, suspension of, 67.
Haddington, Cope encamps at, 64.
Hamerani, Otto, his medal commemorating Clementina's escape, 18.
Handasyde, Major-General, occupies Stirling, 70.
Hawley, Lieut.-General Henry, succeeds Cope in the command in Scotland, 76; retreats from Falkirk, 79.
Hay, John, titular Earl of Inverness, opposes the idea of sending Charles to Scotland, 23; Clementina hostile to, 24; believes Mrs. Sheldon to be the cause of Clementina's estrangement from James, 27; James parts with, 29; at Avignon, 30; James announces Clementina's illness to, 35.
Hay, John, Mrs., Clementina suspicious of, 27; receives Charles at Avignon, 139.
Hay, John, of Restalrig, dismissed by Charles, 184.
Henry Benedict Stuart, Prince, Cardinal York, titular Henry IX., birth of, 26; description of, 31; a "thoughtful" child, 35; his musical tastes, 38; sends ships to search for Charles in Scotland, 118; Charles's relations with, 125; Charles announces his return from Scotland to, 126; writes to James describing Charles's appearance, 127; marriage of, suggested, 130; Charles announces his journey to Spain to, *ib.*; his relations with Charles, 133; James orders him to leave France, 134; secretly leaves Paris, *ib.*; created Cardinal, 135; begs Charles to return to Rome, 172; resigns James's legacy to Charles, 174; fails to induce the Papacy to recognize Charles as King, *ib.*; secures an admission from Miss Walkinshaw that Charles had not married

her, 180; refuses to help Lord Elcho to recover his loan from Charles, 181; deplores Charles's bad habits, *ib.*; takes Charles to visit Clement XIII., 183; induces Charles to leave Florence, 185; receives Louise at Rome, 196; visits Charles at Florence, 197; surrenders his share of the Sobieski jewels to Charles, 198; induces Charles to return to Rome, 201; death of, 202.
Hesse Darmstadt, Landgrave of, Charles proposes for the hand of the daughter of the, 140.
L'Heureux, the, fitted out for Charles's rescue, 118; Charles sails from Scotland in, 120.
Hughes, Mrs., Charles's nurse, 23, 30.

Iles d'Hyères, James III. at, 18.
Innsbruck, Clementina's imprisonment at and escape from, 17, 18.
Invergarry, Charles at, 57, 92.
Inverness, Mackintosh captures, 12; Cope marches to, 57; Cope marches from, 60; Charles takes possession of, 81; Charles's military stores at, 83; the clans seek refreshment before Culloden at, 84.
Inverurie, skirmish at, 75.

James II., rules for his son's upbringing, 5; death of, 7.
James Francis Stuart, the Old Pretender, titular James III., brought up in a French atmosphere, 4; rules for his upbringing, 5; his father's death, 7; his asserted visit to London in 1702, *ib.*; announces his majority to the Pope, 8; his expedition to Scotland in 1708, 9; in Flanders, 10; withdraws from St. Germains to Chalons-sur-Marne, *ib.*; retires to Bar-le-Duc, 11; Leslie's picture of him, *ib.*; protests against George I.'s accession, 12; lands in Scotland, 14; his *Adieu* to Scotland, 15; returns to Bar-le-Duc, *ib.*; marriage projects, *ib.*, 17; his marriage with Princess Clementina Sobieski 18, 19; James in Spain, *ib.*; announces Charles's birth, 22; Charles's upbringing in Scotland mooted to, 23; not intolerant in religion, 24; takes Charles to see the Pope, 25; quarrel with Clementina, 27; retires to Bologna, 28; dismisses Hay, 29; visits Lorraine, 30; joins Clementina at Rome, *ib.*; sends Charles to Gaeta, 33; death of his wife, 35; little in common between Charles and, *ib.*; sends Charles upon an Italian tour, 36; hopelessness of his affairs in 1720, 37; appoints Murray of Broughton his agent in Scotland, 38; sends Charles to France, 39; Charles announces his arrival to, 41; Charles reports his discouraging situation to, 42, 43; Charles reveals his intention to visit Scotland to, 47; proclaimed at Edinburgh, 64; Charles announces his victory at Prestonpans to, 67; has no news of Charles in Scotland, 124; counsels Prince Henry regarding his relations with Charles, 125; hears of Charles's safe return, 127; Charles reports his treatment in France to, 128; Charles announces his visit to Madrid to, 131; summons Henry from Paris, 134; endeavours to reconcile Charles to Henry's Cardinalate, 135; fails to induce Charles to leave France, 137; renews Charles's commission as Prince Regent, 148; believes Charles to be at Boulogne-sur-Mer, 153; admonishes Charles, 168; death of, 172; funeral of, 173; his will, 174.
"Johnson, Chevalier William," Charles's *incognito*, 155.
Johnstone, Chevalier de, his accusation of cowardice against Charles, 33; joins Charles at Perth, 59.
Joseph, Emperor, daughter of, proposed for Charles, 15.

Joseph Andrews, Charles procures, 146.

KEITH, Field-Marshal James, at Glenshiel, 19; expected in Scotland with Swedish troops, 159.
Kelly, Rev. George, accompanies Charles to Scotland, 49.
Kendal, Cumberland advances to, 73.
Kennedy, Major Thomas, sent to Scotland to recover the Loch Arkaig treasure, 146; under orders to accompany Charles to London, 147.
Keysler, Johann, his description of Clementina, 34.
Kilbride, Charles lands at, 105.
Kildun, Charles at, 95.
Kilmarnock, William Earl of, his cavalry regiment, 68.
King, Dr. William, meets Charles in London (1750), 148, 149; accuses Charles of miserliness, 181.
Kingsburgh, Charles at, 107.
Kinloch Moidart, Charles at, 54.
Kyle Stuley, Charles at, 99.

LA POMPADOUR, Madame, Charles reconciled to, 170.
Layer, Christopher, his plot, 23.
Leghorn, Charles at, 36, 192.
Leslie, Rev. Charles, his account of James III. at Bar-le-Duc, 11.
"Lewie Caw," Charles's *incognito*, 111.
Lichfield, Cumberland's base at, 71.
Liège, Charles takes a house at, 162; his daughter baptized at, 163; Charles warned to leave, 164.
Ligny, Charles to proceed to Paris from, 142.
Ligonier, Sir John, awaits Charles in the Midlands, 70.
Linlithgow, Charles at, 60.
Lion, H.M.S., engagement with the *Elizabeth*, 49, 50.
Liria, Duc de, visits James at Rome, 31; invites Charles to Gaeta, 32; praises Charles's conduct, 33.
Loch Arkaig, Donald Macleod sent to, 98; Charles at, 116, 119.
Loch Boisdale, Charles sails to, 99, 100; French ships arrive at, 118.
Loch Broom, Charles believed to be at, 115.
Loch Maddy, Charles alarmed by ships at, 97.
Lochnanuagh, Charles arrives at, 52; sails from, 94; French ships arrive at, 119; Charles sails to France from, 120.
Loch Nevis, Charles sails to, 113, 115.
Loch Quoich, Charles at, 119.
Loch Shiel, Charles at, 96.
Loch Uskavagh, Charles lands at, 97; sails to Skye from, 104.
Lockhart, George, of Carnwath, complaint against James III., 27; James writes to, regarding Hay, 29; despairs of the Jacobite cause in 1728, 30.
London, Charles is resolved to go to, 147; his visit to, 148.
Lorraine, Duke of, interests himself in James III.'s marriage, 15.
Lorraine, James III. in, 30; Charles finds shelter in, 141, 142, 152, 155.
Loudoun, John Earl of, his campaign in Scotland, 56, 66, 75, 80, 81, 82.
Louis XIV., King, James III. enjoined to show gratitude to, 4, 7.
Louis XV., King, expresses "great tenderness" towards Charles, 41; Charles anxious to see, 126; receives Charles at Versailles, 127, 128; Charles protests to, against his expulsion from France, 137; signs the order for Charles's expulsion, 138; Charles asks help from, 170; refuses to restore Clementina Walkinshaw to Charles, 171; encourages Charles's matrimonial schemes, 185.
Louise, Princess, of Stolberg, a canoness at Mons, 186; her marriage to Charles, 187; Charles devoted to, 191; Alfieri attracted by, 193; Charles's brutal treatment of, 194; leaves Charles, *ib.*; enlists Cardinal York's sympathy, 195; deed of

separation from Charles, 198; joins Alfieri at Colmar, *ib.*; visits Napoleon and the English Court, 198; death of, *ib.*
Lovat, Simon Lord, sends a message to Charles, 57; meets Charles at Gortleg, 92.
Loyal Associations in 1715, 13.
Lucca, Charles at, 36.
Lude, Charles at, 59.
Lumisden, Andrew, meets Charles, 174; writes to Clementina Walkinshaw, 180; dismissed by Charles, 184.
Lunéville, Charles at, 141, 142, 146, 163.

MACAULAY, Rev. John, gives information of Charles's whereabouts, 96.
Macdonald, Æneas, accuses Louis XV. of neglecting Charles, 41; accompanies Charles to Scotland, 49; sends Donald Macleod to pilot Charles to the Long Island, 93.
Macdonald, Æneas, of Dalilea, visits Charles, 52.
Macdonald, Alexander, of Boisdale, advises Charles to return to France, 51; visits Charles in Coradale, 98.
Macdonald, Alexander, of Glenaladale, visits Charles at Lochnanuagh, 52; summoned by Charles, 114; goes on board the French ships in Lochnanuagh, 119.
Macdonald, Alexander, of Glencoe, agrees to raise his clan, 54.
Macdonald, Alexander, of Keppoch, agrees to raise his clan, 54; arrives at Glenfinnan, 55; commences hostilities, 57; arrives on the eve of Culloden, 83; death of, 87.
Macdonald, Alexander, of Kingsburgh, at Monkstat, 105; agrees to conduct Charles to Portree, 106; Charles at the house of, 107; Charles bids farewell to, 110, 111.
Macdonald, Alexander, Mrs., entertains Charles, 107.
Macdonald, Sir Alexander, of Sleat, Charles counts on the support of, 51, 94; attends Cumberland, 101, 105.
Macdonald, Lady Margaret, gives help to Charles, 105.
Macdonald, Angus, of Borradale, entertains Charles, 54; Charles wears the clothes of, 93; his son provides a boat for Charles, 94; again entertains Charles, 114.
Macdonald, Angus, of Eriska, Charles entertained by, 50.
Macdonald, Angus, of Kinloch Moidart, joins Charles, 51, 52.
Macdonald, Captain Donald Roy, at Monkstat, 105; agrees to help Charles to Raasa, 106; awaits Charles at Portree, 109; lends Charles his kilt, 110.
Macdonald, Flora, visits her brother at Milton, 100; meets Charles, 101; her step-father gives her passports, 102; joins Charles at Rossinish, 103; sails to Skye, 104; enlists Lady Margaret Macdonald's help, 105; accompanies Charles to Kingsburgh, 106; cuts a lock of Charles's hair, 109; Charles bids farewell to, 110.
Macdonald, Captain Hugh, of Armadale, an officer of the Skye militia, 100; gives passports to Flora Macdonald, 102.
Macdonald, Hugh, Mrs., Charles recommended as a "good spinster" to, 102.
Macdonald, Hugh, of Balshair, warns Charles of his danger at Coradale, 99; proposal that he should conduct Charles to safety, 103.
Macdonald, Hugh, of Morar, inquires as to Charles's equipment, 52; Charles visits, 113.
Macdonald, Sir John, accompanies Charles to Scotland, 49; appointed Instructor of Cavalry, 59.
Macdonald, Mrs. John, of Kirkibost, with Charles at Rossinish (?), 103; accompanies Charles from Monkstat, 106.
Macdonald, Ranald, of Clanranald, unable to help Charles, 113.
Macdonald, Lady, Charles re-

solves to enlist the help of, 99; joins Charles at Rossinish, 103; returns to Nunton, 104.
Macdonald, Ranald, younger of Clanranald, visits Charles at Lochnanuagh, 52; goes on board the French ships in Lochnanuagh, 119.
Macdonell, Alastair, of Glengarry ("Pickle"), commences his career as a spy, 157; reveals the Elibank plot, 159, 160; meets Charles at Paris, 161; at Ternan, 162; accompanies Charles to Paris, 163; describes Charles's disguises, 168.
Macdonell, Angus, of Glengarry, joins Charles, 58.
Macdonell, Donald, of Lochgarry, joins Charles, 58; sent to Charles by Lochiel, 116; Charles's proposal to, 117; sent to Scotland by Charles, 159; brings back a report to Charles, 162.
Macdonell, Donald, of Scotus, agrees to raise his clan, 54.
Macdonell, John, of Glengarry, agrees to raise his clan, 54; sends his son to lead the clan, 58.
Macdonell of Barrisdale, his accusation against Glengarry, 58; goes on board the French ships in Lochnanuagh, 119.
Maceachain, Neil, accompanies Flora Macdonald to Nunton, 101; bears a message to Charles, 102; pilots Charles to Wiay, 103; accompanies Flora to Monkstat, 105; guides Charles towards Kingsburgh, 106; Charles bids farewell to, 110.
Macerata, marriage of Charles and Louise at, 187.
Mackenzie, Mrs., of Arnish, gives Charles shelter, 95.
Mackinnon, John, of Elgol, shelters Charles, 111, 112; conducts Charles to Mallaig, 113; made prisoner, 114.
Mackinnon, Laird of, helps Charles to the mainland, 112, 113; made prisoner, 114.
Mackintosh, Brigadier William, of Borlum, Inverness taken by, 12.
Mackintosh, Lady, entertains Charles at Moy, 80, 81.
Macky, John, declares James III. to have visited London (1702), 8.
Maclachlan, Laird of, joins Charles, 64; at Culloden, 86.
Maclean of Drimnin, killed at Culloden, 86.
Macleod, Alexander, aide-de-camp to Charles, his letter to Cluny, 89, 90.
Macleod, Donald, Charles's pilot, 93-100.
Macleod, John, younger of Raasa, Charles requires his assistance, 106; awaits Charles at Portree, 109.
Macleod, Captain Malcolm, awaits Charles at Portree, 109; accompanies Charles to Raasa, 110; guides Charles to Elgol, 111-113.
Macleod, Laird of, Charles counts upon the support of, 51; some of his clan join Charles, 55; gives information of Charles's arrival in Scotland, 56; Charles desires to send a message to, 94.
Macleod, Lieutenant, his visit to Monkstat, 105.
Macpherson, Alexander, brings news of the French ships' arrival to Charles, 118.
Macpherson, Ewen, of Cluny, accompanies Charles into England, 69; sent to reinforce Lord George Murray at Clifton, 73; absent from Culloden, 85; bidden to join Charles at Fort Augustus, 89; Lord George Murray's letter to, 91; his "Cage" in Benalder, 117; Charles's letter to, on his departure from Scotland, 120; Charles summons him to France, 168; admonishes Charles regarding Clementina Walkinshaw, 169.
Madrid, James III. at, 19; Charles visits, 131.
Mallaig, Charles lands near, 113.
Manchester, Charles marches to, 70.
Manchester Regiment, the, 71.
Mann, Sir Horace, reports Charles's departure from Rome,

40; letters of, 127, 128; employs spies to follow Charles's discarded servants, 169; his account of James III.'s illness, 172; reports the Papacy's refusal to recognize Charles, 174; receives assurances regarding Charles's audience of Clement XIII., 183; asserts Charles's reason for remaining at Florence, 185; reports that Charles has resumed his bad habits, 191; reports Charles's brutal treatment of his wife, 194; reports Louise's reception at Rome, 196; describes the terms of deed of separation between Charles and Louise, 198; reports Charles's failing health, 200.
Mar, John Earl of, raises the Standard, 12; effigy of, 13; letter of James III. to, 23; loses James's favour, 25; supposed to be Clementina's adviser, 27.
Marischal, George Earl, thinks Charles "out of hand," 32; opposes Charles's proposal to go alone to Scotland, 42; Charles corresponds with, 142, 143; Charles sends Goring to sound, 154, 155; advises Charles as to his movements, 161; quarrels with Charles, 166.
Marseilles, James III. at, 18.
Marsolan, Mons., surgeon to the Duc d'Orléans, 138.
Mary of Modena, Queen, letters of, 9, 10; visit of James III. to, 15; her care for the Convent of the Ursulines at Rome, 27.
Massa, Charles at, 40.
Maurepas, Comte de, remonstrates with Charles, 137.
Maxwell, James, of Kirkconnell, his account of the retreat from Derby, 72.
Mayence, Charles's letters sent through, 153.
Mazarin, Mlle. de, proposed for Prince Henry, 130.
Meaux, Clementina Walkinshaw and her daughter enter the Abbey at, 171.
Menin, Charles at, 159.
Milan, Charles at, 36.
Milton, Flora Macdonald at, 100.
Minorca, Charles said to have been offered command of attack on, 170.
Misset, Mrs., helps Clementina to escape from Innsbruck, 18.
Mittie, Mons., Charles the guest of, 142.
Modena, Duc de, daughter of, proposed for Charles, 130.
Monkstat, Flora Macdonald visits, 105, 106.
Mons, Louise of Stolberg at, 186.
Montagu, Lady Mary Wortley, her story regarding Clementina and Benedict XIV., 35.
Montefiascone, James III.'s marriage at, 19.
Montespan, Madame de, her Convent of St. Joseph, 144.
Montesquieu, Charles Louis, frequents Mme. de Vassé's *salon*, 145; Charles desires to read his *L'Esprit des Lois*, 153; Charles hopes to borrow money from, 155.
Morlaix, Charles writes from, 126.
Moy, the "rout" of, 80.
Murlaggan, rally of the clans at, 91.
Murray, Alexander, joins Charles, 154; the Elibank plot, 158, 159.
Murray, Lord George, joins Charles at Perth, 59; receives deputies from Edinburgh, 62; his tactics at Prestonpans, 65; marches into England, 68; takes the clans over the Ribble, 70; at the skirmish at Clifton, 73, 74; at the battle of Falkirk, 78, 79; desires to postpone an engagement at Culloden, 85; ignorant of Charles's intention to rally at Fort Augustus, 90; resigns his commission, 91.
Murray, James, titular Earl of Dunbar, Clementina's dislike to, 24; tutor to Charles, 25; Clementina's suspicions regarding his sister, 27; replaced by Stafford as Charles's tutor, 31; accompanies Charles to Gaeta, 33.
Murray, John, of Broughton, appointed James's agent in Scotland, 38; his *Genuine Me-*

moirs, 39; visits Charles at Paris, 43; Charles announces his departure for Scotland to, 48; Charles summons, 52; joins Charles, 55; opposes Lovat's advice, 58; receives deputies from Edinburgh, 61; refuses to send Charles money, 98.
Murray, Lord John, his Highland regiment, 66.

NAIRN, Cumberland advances to, 82; Charles's night-march to, 83, 84.
Nangis, Chevalier de, made prisoner, 115.
Nantes, Charles sails from, 48.
Naples, Charles at, 34.
Napoleon Bonaparte, interviews Louise of Stolberg, 199.
Newcastle-under-Lyme, Cumberland's advanced posts at, 71.
Newcastle-on-Tyne, Charles proposes to march to, 68.
Norris, Sir John, his fleet at Spithead, 41, 42.
Nunton, Flora Macdonald journeys to, 101; Captain Fergusson and the soldiery at, 104.

O'BRIEN, Captain, searches for Charles, 119.
Ogilvy, David Lord, marches into England, 69.
Oglethorpe, Major-General, his cavalry join Cumberland, 73.
Ohlau, Charles Wogan's mission to, 17, 18.
O'Neil, Captain Felix, follows Charles from Culloden, 90; with Charles at Stornoway, 95; in Benbecula, 99; meets Flora Macdonald, 100; accompanies Charles to Coradale, 102; escorts Flora to Charles, 103; Flora refuses to take him to Skye, 104.
Orlandini, Mme., aids Louise to escape from Charles, 194.
Ormonde, James Duke of, effigy of, 13; James III. writes to, 19; and Layer's plot, 23.
O'Sullivan, Captain, accompanies Charles to Scotland, 49; appointed Quartermaster-General, 59; surprises Edinburgh, 62; rides from Culloden with Charles, 92; sails to Stornoway with Charles, 95; at Coradale, 99; said to have induced Clementina Walkinshaw to come to Charles, 156.
O'Toole, Mr., aids Clementina to escape from Innsbruck, 18.

PADUA, Charles at, 36.
Palestrina, Princess, Charles at a party given by, 182.
Paris, Charles at, 41, 42, 43, 127; Charles leaves Paris for Spain, 130; Charles returns to, 132; Charles at, 142, 144, 151, 153, 154, 160, 163, 166, 185.
Parma, Charles at, 36.
Paterson, Sir Hugh, entertains Charles at Bannockburn, 156.
Penrith, Charles marches to, 73.
Perpignan, Charles at, 131.
Perth, James titular Duke of, Charles summons, 52; Charles assigns the joint command of his army to, 59; marches into England, 68; besieges Stirling Castle, 76; withdraws from the Spey to Culloden, 82.
Perth, James Earl of, governor to James III., 5.
Perth, Charles at, 59, 80.
Peterhead, James III. lands at, 14.
Piacenza, Charles at, 36.
"Pickle the Spy," *vide* Macdonell, Alastair, of Glengarry.
Pisa, Charles at, 36, 184.
Pitsligo, Alexander Lord, his troop of horse, 68.
Pius VI., Pope, assures Louise of his sympathy, 196; refuses to dismiss Alfieri from Rome, 197; orders Alfieri to withdraw, *ib.*; congratulates Charles on his moral improvement, 200.
Plombières, James III. at, 12.
Pontoise, Charles at, 154.
Portree, Charles at, 109, 111.
Portsmouth, English fleet believed to be at, 42.
Preston, Charles marches to, 70, 73.
Prestonpans, battle of, 66.
Prince de Conti, the, fitted out for Charles's rescue, 118; officers of,

despair of finding Charles, 119; Charles on board of, *ib.*; returns to France, 120.
Primrose, Lady, Charles's hostess in London (1750), 148, 149.

QUADRUPLE ALLIANCE, the, 37.
Quiberon Bay, defeat of Conflans at, 170.

RAASA, Charles sails to, 111.
Ramsay, Chevalier, becomes Charles's tutor, 25.
Robertson, Charlotte, Lady Lude, entertains Charles at Lude, 59.
Rochefort, Duc de, Charles inhabits his house at Avignon, 139.
Rome, Charles born at, 22; the Palazzo dei Santi Apostoli at, assigned to James III., *ib.*; Convent of the Ursulines at, shelters Clementina, 27; James leaves, 28; James returns to, 30; Charles sets out for Gaeta from, 33; Charles leaves, 36, 39; James dies at, 172; Charles brings his wife to, 187; Charles dies at, 201.
Roqueville, Admiral, in command of the French fleet (1744), 41, 42.
Rosas, James III. at, 19.
Roscoff, Charles returns from Scotland to, 120.
Rossinish, Charles at, 99, 103.
Routledge, Mr., equips Charles for the '45, 47; secures the *Elizabeth* for the voyage, 48.
Ruins of Palmyra, Charles orders, 162.
Ruthven, Captain Swettenham captured on his way from, 57; clans rally at, after Culloden, 91.
Ryan, Colonel, his marriage-mission on Charles's behalf, 185.

ST. GERMAINS, James III. leaves, 10; visits Queen Mary at, 15.
St. Malo, ships for Charles's rescue fitted out at, 118.
St. Mary-le-Strand, Charles received into the Anglican Communion at (?), 149.
Salm-Kyllburg, Princess Marie Louise of, rejects Charles's proposal of marriage, 185.
Savona, Charles at, 40, 41.
Saxe, Marshal, with the French invading force at Dunkirk, 41; his transports destroyed, 42; his spies, 168.
Saxony, Elector of, his marriage, 16.
Scalpa, Charles sails to, 95, 97.
Schlettstadt, Dillon's regiment at, 18.
Scorobreck, Charles in hiding near, 111.
Scott, Captain Carolina, searches for Charles in South Uist, 100.
Sempill, Francis titular Lord, represents the Jacobite Association in France, 39.
Shap, Lord George Murray marches from, 73.
Sheldon, Mrs., nurse to Charles, 27.
Sheridan, Sir Thomas, tutor to Charles, 25; accompanies Charles to Gaeta, 33; one of the "Seven Men of Moidart," 48; Charles's care for, 51; accompanies Charles from Culloden, 92; returns to France, 126; son of, 119, 139.
Siena, Charles at, 185, 192; Alfieri withdraws to, 197.
"Sinclair," Charles's *incognito*, 95.
Skye, Charles sails to, 104; Charles departs from, 110; Charles doubles back to, 111; returns to the mainland from, 113.
Sobieska, Princess Constantine, James III. complains of his wife to, 28.
Sobieski, Prince James, Wogan's mission to, 17, 18; daughter of, *vide* Clementina Maria.
Spithead, Sir John Norris ordered to, 41.
Stafford, Captain, tutor to Charles, 31; with Charles at Avignon, 139.
Stafford, the Duke of Cumberland expected at, 72.
Stanislas Leczinski, ex-King of Poland, at Lunéville, 141; obtains Mme. de Talmond's

promise not to join Charles, 152.
Stewart, John Roy, marches into England, 68; informs Charles of Murray's situation at Clifton, 73; brings Murray Charles's orders to retire, 74.
Stewart of Ardsheil, joins Charles, 58; in the skirmish at Clifton, 73.
Stirling, Cope marches from, 57; Handasyde occupies, 70; Charles prepares to invest, 75; surrenders to Charles, 76.
Stirling Castle, fires on Charles on his march to Edinburgh, 60; Major-General Blakeney in command at, 75; the Duke of Perth left to continue the siege of, 76; Charles returns to the siege of, 79; Charles's forces withdraw from before, 80.
Stornoway, Charles at, 95.
Strassburg, Charles warned to leave, 142.
Strathclunie, Charles passes through, 115.
Strickland, Colonel, accompanies Charles on his Italian tour, 36; goes to Scotland with Charles, 49.
Stuart, John Stolberg and Charles Edward, their *Tales of the Century*, 192.
Swettenham, Captain, made prisoner on his way to Fort William, 57.

TALMOND, Princesse de, Charles under the influence of, 136; advises Charles not to retire to Fribourg, 137; supposed to be with Charles at Avignon, 139; Charles joins her in Lorraine, 141; has rooms in the Convent of St. Joseph at Paris, 144; "lively scenes" between Charles and, 145, 146; climax of quarrel between Charles and, 151, 152; called "La Tante" by Charles, 153; Charles writes to, 179.
Tarrochi, the game of, 182.
Tencin, Cardinal, invites Charles to France, 39; his proposal regarding Ireland, 129.
Ternan, Charles meets "Pickle" at, 162.
Terni, Charles brings his wife to, 187.
"Thompson," Charles's *incognito*, 167.
Tom Jones, Charles procures, 146.
Townley, Francis, his regiment, 71.
Tranent, Cope encamps near, 64; Charles marches to, 65.

VASSÉ, Madame de, shelters Charles in the Convent of St. Joseph, 144, 145; offers Charles another hiding-place, 152; unable to lend Charles money, 155; ordered by Charles to assist in bringing Clementina Walkinshaw to him, 157.
Vaudreuil, Major, arrests Charles at Paris, 138.
Venice, Charles at, 36, 143.
Versailles, Charles visits Louis XV. at, 127.
Villafranca, James III. at, 18.
Vincennes, Charles confined at, 138.

WADE, Marshal, troops sent to Newcastle under, 68; unable to relieve Carlisle, 69; marches after Charles, 72; his cavalry join Cumberland, 73.
Wales, Charles proposes to march into, 72.
Walkinshaw, Catherine, in the Prince of Wales's household, 157.
Walkinshaw, Clementina, joins Charles at Ghent, 156; account of her past career, *ib.*; treated as Charles's wife, 158; birth of her child, 163; quarrels with Charles, *ib.*; is "loudly talked of," 164; Marischal urges Charles to dismiss, 166; Cluny urges Charles to dismiss, 169; leaves Charles and enters the Abbey of Nôtre Dame at Meaux, 171; disappointed of help from Charles, 180; declares that Charles had not married her, *ib.*; tries to see Charles at Rome, 189; death of, 202.

Walkinshaw, John, of Barrowfield, 156.
Walsh, Antoine Vincent, equips Charles for the '45, 47; lends his frigate, 48; refuses to join in the fight between the *Lion* and *Elizabeth*, 49-50.
Walton, John, reports Charles to be a weak child, 22; his opinion of Clementina, 23; reports the improbability of her having another child, 26; describes Charles's attack upon Murray, 32; reports Charles's departure from Rome, 40.
Warren, Colonel, in command of the expedition to search for Charles, 119.
Waters, Mr., banker at Paris, Charles proposes to visit, 141; Charles writes to, 142; under suspicion, 144; Charles writes to, 152; refuses to advance money to Charles, 155; son of, 154.
Wiay, Charles sails to, 99, 103.
Wogan, Charles, his mission to Ohlau, 17; rescues Clementina from Innsbruck, 18; advises Charles to visit Spain, 130.

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